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The Outlook

JUNE 10, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

THE POSTAL SERVICE WAXES PROFITABLE

Postmaster-General Hitchcock has announced that his department will probably finish the fiscal year with a surplus instead of the deficit which has been usual for nearly thirty years. The department has returned to the Treasury three million dollars which, in accordance with custom, was advanced from the public funds to enable the Post-Office to carry on its business. Mr. Hitchcock reports that there is now a postal surplus of a million dollars, and he hopes that during the present month, the last of the fiscal year, this surplus will be increased. He expresses the hope that if the ratio of receipts to expenditures continues to increase as rapidly as it has in the past two years, one-cent postage on letters may be realized. This result will be a gratification to the country, and the Postmaster-General is to be heartily congratulated that under his administration of the postal service its revenues have been made more than sufficient to meet its expenses. Two years ago the postal deficit was over seventeen million dollars; last year it was reduced to six million dollars—over two-thirds of the reduction being due to increased receipts, while the remaining fraction was due to lessened expenditures. It must be remembered, however, that these recurring deficits, as well as the impending surplus, are bookkeeping abstractions rather than realities. Whether the actual receipts of the Post-Office are more than enough or less than enough to cover the actual cost of the service which the receipts are supposed to pay for, no man, under present conditions, can possibly know. And no man will ever be able to find out until some radical changes are made by Congress in the organization and methods of the Post-Office. For instance, tons of mail are carried free for Congress and the other executive departments by the Post-Office every year, the cost of which there is not the slightest justification for charging against the postal service. On the other hand, every Federal building which is used in whole or in part as a post-office is built and paid for by the Treasury Department, and, at least in the larger cities, the heat, light, and janitor service for such buildings are also a gift from the Treasury Department. So long as such anomalies, and others no less peculiar, continue, to be satisfied with rejoicing over a surplus or grieving over a deficit is to emulate the self-deception of the ostrich. What the Post-Office most needs is a thorough reorganization, as provided, for instance, in the Carter-Weeks bill. What it needs next is the extension of the service which it renders the people by the establishment of a parcels post. When those things are accomplished, it will be time to talk about one-cent postage.

THE LORIMER CASE REOPENED

The United States Senate has vindicated its self-respect and defended its reputation for integrity by ordering a new investigation into the charges of fraud in the election of William Lorimer, of Illinois, as United States Senator from that State. Since the former investigation new evidence has been brought to light in Illinois, and many Senators who held that on their former presentation the charges, if not disproved, were not in a technical sense proved, now feel that there is strong cause for searching and rigid inquiry. In point of fact, there was hardly any serious opposition to the reopening of the case. Senator La Follette spoke with extraordinary

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ability and comprehensive grasp of the subject several times, and with great force. His resolution of inquiry, however, did not meet acceptance by many of his fellow-Senators because it did not seem to them in accordance with the dignity of their body to appoint, as Senator La Follette wished, a special committee for the purposes of investigation instead of referring it in the usual course to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. They felt that the appointment of a special committee would, in a way, be a slur upon the general committee just named, and might indicate a lack of confidence in that body because of its previous action in the Lorimer case. The resolution offered by the Democratic leader, Senator Martin, was accordingly adopted by a vote of forty-eight to twenty, although six Democrats voted with the Republicans who followed Senator La Follette. A sub-committee will be appointed by the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but by a general understanding it has been agreed that the membership of that committee shall be, in accordance with the desire of the Senate at large, made up on a definite plan. Under this plan four of the members of the sub-committee will be Senators who voted against unseating Lorimer at the last session of Congress, and four will be new Senators who are generally supposed to be impressed with the gravity of the charges and the need of action by the Senate. The country will emphatically indorse the propriety and urgency of the action of the Senate in reopening the Lorimer case, and will be satisfied with nothing but the most radical and wide-reaching inquiry into all the facts bearing directly and indirectly on the infamous trickery and corruption which, it is asserted, marked the election of Lorimer to the Senate.

CRUELTY TO CONGRESSMEN

The scheme to bring the "Congressional Record" into accordance with fact is one of the most radical and personally oppressive proposals now before Congress. For many years American statesmen have disported themselves in the columns of the "Record" with unlimited freedom as to time. Speeches have poured forth without the possibility of interruption by impertinent fellow-members and far beyond the sound of the gavel of the Speaker. It is true these speeches have never been spoken. They were not prepared for the body to which they are supposed to have been spoken. The audiences they reach lie, in some cases, three thousand miles from Washington, and yet the innocent constituent reads the glowing periods of his Congressman in the pages of the "Congressional Record," and imagines the House sitting spellbound as he weaves the magic of his oratory about them. By a further and perhaps inevitable extension of the vision these so-called speeches have been punctuated at proper points by such words as "great laughter" or "great applause." This laughter and applause are, like the speeches themselves, wholly imaginary. In fact, Representative Mann, the leader of the Republican minority in the House of Representatives, has recently given notice that if he found any member abusing the privilege of "leave to print" by recording such phrases as "great applause" or "great laughter" in brackets in an undelivered speech he would say some impolite things publicly in regard to the genuineness of the laughter and the applause. In sheer brutality of disillusion, Mr. Mann's proposal goes quite beyond the limit. It destroys one of the higher resources of the newly elected Representative. He will no longer be able to create for himself, in the silence of his own committee-room or of his apartment in a Washington boarding-house, a reputation for moving eloquence.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT MONOPOLY

Elsewhere The Outlook discusses editorially the scope and effect of the United States Supreme Court opinion in the case of the American Tobacco Company. It is sufficient here to say that, as in the Standard Oil Case, although Justice Harlan dissented from important portions of that opinion, the decision against the defendant corporations and individuals was unanimous. It may be noted, however, that the history of the American Tobacco Company is in itself a most remarkable chapter in industrial

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combination. No fewer than sixty-five corporate defendants were included in the Government's prosecution. These were divided into three groups, in the first of which stood the American Tobacco Company alone as the dominant factor, or "primary defendant" as Chief Justice White called it, in the whole combination. Five large allied companies were named as accessory defendants, and fifty-nine other corporations were recorded as subsidiary defendants. When the Government began action against the American Tobacco Company in 1907, the capitalization of that company and its subordinates was computed to be over five hundred million dollars. Beginning as far back as 1890, just before the Anti-Trust Law was passed, and continuing on for sixteen years, there had been a continuous effort to combine tobacco industries into one enormous organization, and this was done, as Chief Justice White pointed out, by "fierce and abnormal" competition, and not by normal growth and expansion. Thus, between 1891 and 1898 the American Tobacco Company acquired ownership of fifteen other concerns, and in the year last named it deliberately endured serious losses—probably over four million dollars—in order to coerce its rivals by ruinous competition. This was what was known as the Plug Tobacco War; and the result for this branch of the business was that the American Tobacco Company organized a new concern known as the Continental, with a capital of seventy-five million dollars. Either the American or the Continental bought up, one by one, over thirty competing corporations and firms. The method by which this combination was carried on was peculiar; for in very many cases enormous amounts of money were spent in order to acquire plants which were immediately closed and ceased to operate, while in other cases the competitors were paid large sums outright under agreement that they should not engage anywhere in the tobacco business. Again, in 1904, another enormous merger took place, and from that time on the American Tobacco Company was, in as full a sense as is possible in any modern commercial matter, a monopoly. The bill in equity by which proceedings were begun against the Company asked that such "contracts, combinations, and conspiracies" as we have indicated above be declared illegal, that receivers be appointed, and that the combination be dissolved, as has now been ordered by the decree of the United States Supreme Court. The bill in equity declared that from 1891 the defendants had "an expanding purpose to dominate the tobacco industry," and to apportion among themselves the trade of the world; for this purpose one company, the Imperial Tobacco Company, was formed to cover the English trade, and another, the British-American Tobacco Company, to conduct business the world over outside of America and England. It is claimed that, in the entire process of combination, deceit and concealment were used, and that statements were made intended "to mislead, deceive, and defraud the public and the more successfully to cripple existing competitors and keep out new ones." The price of tobacco in its various forms was frequently reduced below the cost of production in order to destroy competition. It was on this general condition of affairs that the Supreme Court had to pass, and to decide whether the American Tobacco Company had, in point of fact, constituted itself a monopoly and had acted in restraint of trade in a sense contrary to the prohibitions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

WOODROW WILSON Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, has just returned from a trip to the Pacific coast, in the course of which he made many speeches and addresses. In every State he received a warm and non-partisan reception from those who want to see progressive legislation accomplished and are earnest enough about it not to care very much which of the two political parties brings it about. The great greeting to Dr. Wilson was as non-partisan as was the greeting to ex-President Roosevelt on his recent trip through the same region. Governor Wilson's hearers in the West were interested in him, not only because of his marked individuality, but because of the results which he has already accomplished. The programme of legislation secured under his leadership in a single session of the Legislature has few parallels

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in American political history. The people of the United States value a man of deeds as well as words, and, without regard to section or party, have done honor to Governor Wilson because he is a Progressive not only in principle but also in achievement.

GOVERNOR DIX AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS

"Governor Dix's appointment of J. Sergeant Cram to the New York Public Service Commission of the First District would be scandalous if it were not so grotesque. All men who have a capacity for indignation for a public wrong will want to say something about the appointment, but what can they say? In the case of Cram strong language would be inappropriate. It is probably the most absurd appointment ever made by a Governor of the State of New York." It is from a journal that bitterly opposed Mr. Stimson and urged the election of Mr. Dix last fall that these words are quoted. Evidently the New York "Times" is not altogether pleased with the effect of the election it so ardently advocated. This appointment follows closely upon that of Mr. Cohalan as a judge of the Supreme Court, and is hardly less important. Both appointees are eminent in the councils of Tammany Hall; and it appears that Governor Dix regards the Tammany training as a fit preparation not only for the bench but also for the control of rich and powerful corporations. Nothing more intimately affects the life of a great multitude of people, especially those living in and near cities or towns, than the public utility companies; there is nothing on which the great majority of people are more dependent. The control of these companies is, therefore, a matter of vital importance. New York State has intrusted the control of these companies within its jurisdiction to two commissions —one for the city of New York, the other for the rest of the State. When Governor Dix, who was elected last fall, entered upon his duties, he made it clear that he was going to give his special attention to these Commissions. He soon replaced Mr. Carlisle, a competent member of the up-State Commission, with Mr. Huppuch, whose only fitness for the place, so far as known, lay in the fact that he was Mr. Dix's business partner and succeeded Mr. Dix as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. Then Governor Dix charged Mr. Carlisle with the duty of investigating the other Commission. This Mr. Carlisle did with thoroughness, and last week reported that, in spite of advertised public hearings, no one appeared in criticism of the Commission, and that he had no criticism to make except on a matter which seems to be a debatable question of policy. Upon the heels of this highly favorable report of the work of this Commission comes the announcement that Governor Dix has put Mr. J. Sergeant Cram, of Tammany Hall, in the place of one of the ablest members, Mr. Bassett, whose term has just expired. Governor Dix asked Mr. Carlisle's advice, at the expense of the State, and has ignored it. Last fall, during the campaign, The Outlook said that no more important issue was to come before the voters at election than this one of control of public service corporations, and pointed out that the Governor had great power through the choice of Public Service Commissioners. It added: "In electing their Governor next week, the people of New York, therefore, will decide as to the character of the Public Service Commissioners." It is rather late in the day for Governor Dix's supporters to be finding fault with the Governor for making of these Commissions what they had every reason to believe he would make of them. Those who defeated Mr. Stimson really chose Messrs. Huppuch and Cram. If they have any fault to find, let them find it with themselves.

DELAWARE AND HER WORKINGWOMEN

Governor Pennewill, of Delaware, has failed to make a record in progressive legislation. Delaware's first factory inspection bill was introduced into her Legislature during its recent session. It provided, not for general inspection, but only for proper sanitary conditions, safe fire exits, and limited working hours for women employees. A woman factory inspector and two unpaid assistants, all three appointed by the Superior Court of Delaware, were to inspect all factories, stores, etc., where

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women or girls were employed. The woman inspector was to tag, also, any dangerous machinery at which girls or women were employed, and, if the danger was not removed, to forbid its use. The defects in machinery which were held to make it dangerous were not, however, left to her discretion, but were specified particularly in the bill, which was modeled in this respect after the law now working well in Ohio—a rather more important manufacturing State than Delaware. Even in its beginning the Delaware bill was conservative. In its passage through the Legislature it was further amended to apply to the telephone, restaurant, laundry, and candy businesses, and also the retail merchants and the canneries. All protection as to hours of work for girls under eighteen was removed, and a sixty-hour week substituted for the ten-hour day. The State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Consumers' League were solidly behind it, and it passed both houses unanimously. But any bill, in Delaware, must be signed by the Governor within thirty days after the adjournment of the Legislature, or it fails to become law. The business interests of Wilmington, the only large manufacturing town in the little State, besieged Governor Pennewill with protests against the bill. They invited him to visit Wilmington, where he went through the farce of "examining" factory conditions carefully prepared for his coming. The United Tobacco Company, a large employer of women, declared that if the law went into effect it would have to close its Delaware factories. The laundries objected determinedly to the machinery provision, and so did the hosiery mills. Governor Pennewill, who is a farmer, residing in the southern part of the State, and has no personal knowledge of business conditions, had the additional disadvantage of being an organization Republican, and the organization took the side of the interests at once. In vain manufacturers from other States, living under much more drastic factory inspection, came to Delaware and explained that the bill could not possibly hurt well-conducted business. In vain the members of the Legislature from Wilmington who had voted for the bill assured the Governor that there was no danger to business prosperity in regulating hours and sanitary conditions for Delaware working-girls. In vain the Delaware Red Cross, at an open meeting (to which the public were invited to hear the bill discussed by both sides), brought out the facts about dangers from unguarded machinery, occupational tuberculosis, and lack of fire exits and fire-escapes, and urged the Governor to protect the health and life of the workingwomen. The thirty days after the adjournment passed without the signature of the bill; and the first attempt at progressive factory legislation in Delaware has been defeated—for the time being.

MUNICIPAL REFORM IN MILWAUKEE

As is well known, Milwaukee recently witnessed the advent of a Socialist municipal régime; but, as is not so well known, Milwaukee has experienced a deeper social awakening, due to the quiet but telling work of the Institute of Municipal and Social Service, carried on under the direction of the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin. The University's general activities have marked it foremost among our educational institutions in point of efficiency in the development of civic responsibility, but The Outlook would call special attention to the course of study, conferences, lectures, and observation trips conducted by its Institute of Municipal and Social Service. Civic and philanthropic workers have long felt the need of some kind of school or course of teaching. The Institute arose by the gift of a resident of Milwaukee of a sum sufficient to defray expenses. A committee was formed of Milwaukee citizens, and the Institute is the joint work of this committee and of the University Extension. The Institute's objects are to provide expert service, particularly in the care of the unfortunate and the defective, in preventing crime and vice, in lessening poverty, not only through the change of economic conditions, but especially by raising the power of individuals as they now live and work. The result was the establishment in Milwaukee of a center of study, information, and training in social reform, social welfare, and municipal efficiency. The Institute gave two courses, one on municipal func-

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tions and problems, and one on philanthropy and social uplift. Among the subjects in the former course, the symposium on employers' liability was participated in by members of the State Legislature, and well illustrated the possibilities of educational work of this kind. Already there may be noted a more scientific attitude towards the problems of philanthropy and social advance, and an indication that the Institute is to become a permanent feature of Milwaukee's civic life. The Socialist municipal administration is in sympathy with the movement. Concrete results, such as the construction of model tenements, the appointments by the Mayor of Child Welfare and Tuberculosis Commissions, and the organization of a Conference of Charities and Correction, show that earnest men and women, of whatever political name, may band themselves together, and, if their methods be intelligently adequate, the popular response will also be adequate.

MORE SAFETY FOR RAILWAY EMPLOYEES

Surely no legislation is more important than that which provides for the preservation of human life. To that end the Railway Appliances Act has done much. It will do more now that the Supreme Court of the United States in two cases has affirmed its true principle, scope, and meaning. One of the cases arose in the suit of E. M. Delk, a brakeman on the St. Louis and San Francisco system, for injuries received while trying to manipulate the defective coupler of a car. Under the Safety Appliances Act railway companies must equip each car used in moving inter-State traffic with couplers which couple automatically by impact and which can be uncoupled without the necessity of men going between the ends of the cars. The lower court held that the statute did not impose upon the carrier an absolute duty to keep its cars in good order at all times, but only the duty to exercise reasonable diligence when it came to repairing the appliances. The direct reverse of this ruling was announced by another lower court, however, when the Federal Government sought to recover from the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway Company damages for alleged violations of the Act. The railway company appealed from the decision, proving that it did not know that its cars were out of repair and claiming that, as it had no intention of violating the law, it was not liable. The lower court's decision—that the statute imposed upon an inter-State carrier an absolute obligation to keep its safety appliances in repair—is now affirmed by the Supreme Court in both cases. Henceforth, we are glad to say, railway companies will not be merely required to exercise "reasonable diligence" in repairing their automatic couplers and other appliances prescribed by law; they will be under an absolute duty to keep them in repair.

ROSES AND RAILWAYS

Now that the public is to take a friendly interest in railways, and especially in those roads which have recognized the fact that they are dealing with human beings and not with bales of hay, there is likely to come in the near future a cooperation between the two which will make the railways more attractive and increase the joys of travel. A number of railways have recognized their obligations to the public, from which they derive all their privileges, by building attractive stations and approaches; and here and there, in many parts of the country, one comes upon artistic bits of scenery which the railway managers have been wise enough to create. The roads could be greatly helped in the matter of making their local approaches, and, for that matter, their entire track lines, more attractive for travelers by the cooperation of their neighbors. Recently, at a station in the suburbs of Philadelphia on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a gang of men began to dig two thousand holes on two large banks between which the railway passes. In these holes later were planted two thousand trailing Japanese roses, presented to the road by Mr. Edward Bok. These plants were selected on account of their extraordinary productivity, one carrying very nearly two hundred blooms. In the future, passengers, instead of looking out at black masses of earth, or, if they are more fortunate, scantily growing grass, will pass between hundreds of thousands of roses. This private contribution

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by a commuter to the beauty of the road which carries him to and from his home to his business is an example which ought to be contagious. If the public is to hold the railways to a high sense of their responsibility, it ought also to co-operate with them in the endeavor, not only to secure courtesy, attention, and thorough service, but also to make the railway, so to speak, a delight to the eye. The planting of roses may be one way of ridding the landscape of the hideous invitations to drink particular brands of whisky and to wear particular kinds of underclothing which now irritate the passenger and make him wish he lived under an absolute monarchy and were a friend of the king.

THE PAYMENT OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

As popular attention has been much taken up with the interesting proposals for industrial insurance made by Mr. Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, comparatively little attention has been given to his proposal to pay salaries to Members of the House of Commons, the lower branch of the British Parliament. He suggests a salary of $2,000 a year. Every one, everywhere, will immediately contrast this with the salaries paid to members of the lower house of the Parliament in his particular country. In this country, for instance, the members of our House of Representatives receive $7,500 a year. This seems the top notch in such compensation, and it is proper that it should be, since the cost of living here is higher than elsewhere. The next highest figure is received by French Deputies—$5,000 a year, together with a large discount on railway transportation. Canadian Representatives get $2,500 a year, minus $15 for each day's absence. Mexican Deputies get $1,500 gold, without any transportation expenses. Hungarians get $1,000 a year, and also $330 for house rent. German Deputies get $750, together with free railway passage, but are fined $5 a day for absence. Italian Deputies are paid nothing, but have free passes on all the railways of the Kingdom. Thus the figure proposed by Mr. Lloyd-George, $2,000 a year, seems fairly reasonable, although it is already criticised by many as being entirely too small to serve the legitimate purpose of a salary. The main thing to be kept in mind, of course, is that the British Parliament seems finally in a fair way to adopt at least the principle that members of Parliament should be paid for their services, even if the previous condition has not worked as many hardships as might have been the case otherwise, for the Irish members have been practically supported by funds from this country, and the Labor members by the trade unions. Nevertheless, the change to a more self-respecting system will, we believe, have a proportionately beneficial influence on British politics.

SIR W. S. GILBERT

"Pinafore" was revived at one of the theaters in New York City last week, the very night of the day of the death of its author, Sir W. S. Gilbert, who, in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan, wrote some of the most popular lighter operas of the last generation, and who was knighted by King Edward in 1907. A whole generation of theater and opera goers has enjoyed the clean and captivating operas, or operettas, which were the joint product of two men who worked in singular harmony of purpose. Sir William was born in London seventy-five years ago, educated at Great Ealing and later at King's College, from which he withdrew, however, before receiving a degree, in order to enter the Royal Artillery while the Crimean War was stirring all England. When "Fun" was started in 1861, his career as a writer began, and he soon secured a popular reputation, chiefly by reason of his "Bab Ballads," which have become a part of the humorous memory of all the English-speaking people. At the suggestion of an expert playwright, he took up writing for the stage, and made a success in a burlesque called "Dulcamara; or, The Little Duck and the Great Quack." "La Vivandière," also a burlesque, produced a little later, ran for one hundred and twenty nights. Then came a group of very happily conceived and phrased plays, which were at once witty and poetic: "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Happy Land." It was in the

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heyday of this very successful and fortunate period of Sir William's life that he was brought into contact with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the collaboration of the two was one of the most successful artistic partnerships in history. They began with the operetta "Trial by Jury," and later came "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "The Mikado," and others less memorable but nearly all successful. "Pinafore" took London by storm in 1878. "The Pirates of Penzance" followed two years later, and in the following year the Savoy Theater was built specially for the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and opened with "Patience." The melodies from the Gilbert-Sullivan operas filled the air almost as continuously as the whir of the seventeen-year locusts now fills the air in many parts of this country, and "Pinafore" became almost oppressive. It was impossible in any part of America to get away from it. The New York "Tribune" very happily says of it that it became almost a National habit, and at one time ninety companies throughout the United States were singing it. To the partnership, ended by the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1900, all English-speaking peoples owe a great deal of clean, wholesome, and delightful fun, sparkling wit, and very taking music.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY

The desire of the Assembly, the highest authority in the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (the Northern Presbyterians), to prevent a renewal of controversy with Union Theological Seminary has been demonstrated by its quashing of the proceedings initiated against President Brown and Professor Brown. The solitary voice raised against this course, recommended by a unanimous committee, was hushed overnight, and debate was averted by the withdrawal of the proposed substitute. Having unanimously adopted its committee's report, the Assembly appointed a committee to confer with the Seminary authorities for the maintenance of peaceful relations. This, as a sequel to the dismissal of the charges, is regarded by the Assembly as a tender of "the olive branch" to the Seminary, and will certainly be accepted as such. The injection of theological controversy into this year's meeting has had the unhappy effect of diverting public attention and available newspaper space from the fruitful activities of the Church. Its Missionary Boards reported an unprecedented year of good work. This, however, will make little impression upon that great number of people who, if they have heard of the Assembly at all, have been impressed with the idea that its chief concern has been to determine just what constitutes a Northern Presbyterian brand of heresy. The misfortune of such an occurrence is that the man on the street remembers this and forgets the real work that the Church is doing.

PROTECTION OF THE FAMILY

A convenient and desirable summary by topics of the marriage laws of other countries, which has never been made till now, has been prepared from the United States Report, and is published in the recent annual report of the National League for the Protection of the Family, for the benefit of the many now interested in the improvement of our laws on marriage and divorce. The National and international reputation acquired by the League during its thirty years of activity has caused it to be widely resorted to by persons in quest of accurate information on questions involved in the problem of the family—the fundamental social problem. Among others, the Royal Commission now considering the causes and the remedies of the existing dissatisfaction with the English divorce law has drawn upon its stores of knowledge and experience. A steady interest in the study of the family is manifest, especially in universities and women's clubs. New lines of research are opening into important fields of inquiry where reliable data are yet to be gathered for the combat with evil conditions. For instance, the editor of a widely circulated periodical has been getting many letters from women urging him to call attention to the number of divorces that are really due to diseases contracted from immoral husbands. He writes for adequate data to Dr. S. W. Dike, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, the Secretary of the League, but as yet the League has

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been unable to get them. In view of the importance of the quiet work which the League is doing in the rear of many other important interests that are before the public eye, it is regrettable that the question of its discontinuance is now seriously considered because of the difficulty of raising the little more than $2,000 a year upon which it has thus far been maintained.

ART FOR MAN'S SAKE

Within the past few years a change has taken place in the attitude of writers on art. We are hearing less about "Art for Art's Sake." We are hearing more about "Art for Man's Sake." In other words, we are hearing about art as a means of improving social conditions and uplifting civic ideas. Such a view was emphasized in many of the addresses at the Convention of the American Federation of Arts recently held in Washington. For instance, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known novelist, spoke on the removal of the duty on art as a sign of progress, declaring that for the rich art may be a luxury, but for the poor it is a necessity. Mr. Henry Turner Bailey accentuated this necessity of life by exhibiting samples of work done in the public schools, showing the change from the old days when art in the schools meant the copying of line figures and vase forms and abstract designs, to the present time, when it means the application of the fundamental and unchanging art principles to the whole life of the child. Hence it is no longer a drill, but a labor of love. This gave opportunity to Mr. Leslie W. Miller, Principal of the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, to outline the need and advantages of a National School of Industrial Art. The advantage of the Federation of Arts in improving conditions throughout the country was forcibly brought out by Miss Leila Mechlin, Secretary of the Federation, particularly its sending of exhibitions of pictures last year to thirty-three cities in the South and West. There were nine such exhibitions, one being composed of some of the best pictures in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The Federation pays for the expressage to the various cities, and local committees attend to the return expenses. The results of these exhibitions have been apparent, not only by the sales of pictures, but by movements here and there towards the establishment of some sort of permanent galleries. The Federation's endeavors have appreciably raised the whole level of education in art.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT OF PAINTING AT ROME

The first adequate account in the English language which we have seen of the Italian Expositions is contained in Mr. Carroll Beckwith's recent articles in the New York "Tribune." Americans have a particular interest in the American part of the Exhibition of Art and History at Rome and in the American part of the Exhibition of Industry and Labor at Turin. As to the first, while the American exhibit is too small to be representative, it deserves praise because it is of extreme merit and is worthy to be compared with the work of any other country. Nor is this all. In each department of painting—portraiture, *genre*, landscape, decoration—we "line up," says Mr. Beckwith, the equal of any country. He instances Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady," Brush's "Mother and Child," Miss Emmett's "The Child," Thayer's "Angel," Chase's "The Fish," Birge Harrison's "An Evening in Winter," and the canvases by Tarbell, Benson, Cushing, Tryon, Coffin, Rook, Schofield, Garber, and Horatio Walker, as making up the list of *genre* and landscape works. Particularly interesting to foreigners is the portrayal of the aspects of our large cities, especially the metropolis; the picture of Wall Street by Cooper and the others by Cornoyer and Brinley "vibrate with color and light." Finally, avers Mr. Beckwith, "our marine men handle the sea more ably than do the men of any other nation. Waugh has a splendid marine, and there is a fine one by Carlsen. But it is an injustice to our able painters that their work should be presented at this unique exhibition of art of the world in so unfavorable a manner." This doubtless refers to the housing of the exhibit. The parsimony of our Government's appropriation and its dilatoriness of action have resulted in a structure which, although meritorious in its architectural outline, its building material, and its fire-proof qualities, is

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both too small and too low. It is also devoid of the decorative features which characterize the pavilions of the other countries. The absence of some sorts of decoration, however, is restful.

CRIME IN NEW YORK CITY

The statement by Mayor Gaynor, in his letter published by The Outlook last week, that "no clubs or weapons of any kind have been taken from the police since I have been Mayor," is conclusive upon that point. We wish that we could regard as equally conclusive his statement that "crime has not generally increased in the city." We here state the reasons which lead us to a different opinion. That Mayor Gaynor has hot-headed enemies who are quite willing to believe and to make other people believe that his administration has been accompanied by an increase in crime is true. That New York City has newspapers which are accustomed to publish the narratives of crimes in poster-like headlines, and which sometimes add invention and exaggeration, is also true. But our judgment that crime has increased and the efficiency of the police has diminished during the last two years is not based on the statements of either Mayor Gaynor's enemies or on the sensational newspapers.

In July, 1909, four months before Mayor Gaynor's election, General Bingham was retired and a new Commissioner of Police appointed in his place. Whatever criticisms can be justly brought against Commissioner Bingham, it cannot be doubted that the professional criminals both hated and feared him, that under his administration persons and property had been well safeguarded, that his administration had given great satisfaction to the orderly and law-abiding citizens of New York, and that his removal was greeted with a widely extensive protest from the public. When Mayor Gaynor took office six months later, he found a police force badly demoralized, a Police Commissioner who was universally regarded as an experiment, a criminal class emboldened if not exultant, and peaceful citizens perplexed and anxious. So evident was this condition that for a time Mayor Gaynor acted as his own Police Commissioner to the unmistakable satisfaction of a somewhat anxious public. After some fifteen months of Mr. Baker's experimental administration he was retired and Mr. Cropsey was appointed to succeed him; after six months of administration he was in turn retired to give place to the present Police Commissioner, Mr. Rhinelander Waldo. Thus in two years' time New York has had four Police Commissioners—Mr. Bingham, Mr. Baker, Mr. Cropsey, and Mr. Waldo; two of them unsuccessful experiments, the third yet to prove his ability to cope with a very difficult situation.

We call the administrations of Mr. Baker and Mr. Cropsey unsuccessful experiments because, if these gentlemen had given the Mayor satisfaction, they would not have been retired. Whatever faults Mr. Gaynor may have, excessive inclination to yield to clamorous criticism is not one of them. For nearly two years the police of New York City have been without a satisfactory head; the result was inevitable: a serious demoralization of the force, a considerable accession of audacity in the criminal classes, and a growing state of anxiety among peaceable and law-abiding citizens.

The evidences of increased anxiety among the citizens of New York are such that Mayor Gaynor can hardly doubt its existence. That anxiety has not been caused, though it may have been promoted, by unscrupulous enemies and a sensational press.

The evidence of demoralization in the police and audacity in the criminal classes is furnished by the official report of a special Grand Jury which was for some weeks engaged in an investigation of the conditions of public safety in New York City. That report lies before us, and we summarize here some of its more important statements. Its dispassionate tone adds greatly to the weight of its conclusions. We follow in the main the paragraphing and the order of the Grand Jury's report, and as far as possible preserve its language:

"Many persons complain of inadequate police protection, and some parts of the city are not receiving sufficient protection."

Accurate comparison between the pres-

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ent and former periods based on the statistics of the police department is impossible "because of the irregular, uncertain, and misleading figures and methods of keeping them."

In the first quarter of 1911 there were recorded at police headquarters 3,448 complaints of burglary, 5,199 complaints of larceny, and 229 arrests for burglary made without precedent complaint.

In 1910 there were recorded at police headquarters 9,109 complaints of burglary, and 1,179 arrests for burglary and attempted burglary, making an approximate total of 10,288 cases in that year. If the crimes continue in 1911 in the same ratio as during the first quarter, the result would be an estimated number of burglaries approximating 14,708, as against 10,288 in 1910, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. But these figures do not show all the burglaries. For the police records at headquarters do not show all the complaints that are made by citizens. In the month February 27—April 4, 1911, there were 711 complaints of burglary made by citizens which were not reported by the precinct authorities to the police headquarters. "So it is apparent that these figures kept at police headquarters do not represent all the citizens' complaints." The Grand Jury report that "we were unable to determine how many cases were not reported from the station-houses to headquarters in 1910."

"In some parts of the city there is a deplorable amount and an apparent increase in the persistent violation of law and order by hoodlums and bad boys, often operating in gangs, and not restrained by the police. They commit many crimes and injure much property, and are a growing danger to the city."

A comparison of the citizens' complaints for the last quarter of 1910 with those of the first quarter of 1911 gives the following result:

	1910.	1911.
Burglaries.....	2,140	3,448
Larcenies.....	3,945	5,199
Values stolen...	$1,072,994	$922,431.21

Other recommendations of the Grand Jury—the use of plain-clothes men, the increase of the detective force, the freer use by the police of the clubs which they are now indirectly discouraged from using—we pass by; for our object here is simply to let our readers know the evidence on which our statement has been made that there has been an increase of crime in New York City during Mayor Gaynor's administration.

How far his administration is responsible for this increase, how far it is due to conditions inherited from the past, we do not here consider. But we are sure that he could render no better service to the city, and no better service to his own reputation, than by facing the facts, recognizing the existing conditions, and inviting a conference with some of the leading citizens of the city to consider what causes have led to this increase in crime, and what remedies can be employed to insure a more efficient protection of person and property.

THE PREVENTION OF MONOPOLY

The spirit of the Anti-Trust Law is a more rigorous defender of the public welfare against monopoly than the letter of the law.

That, in brief, is the substance of the opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the Tobacco Trust. In the Standard Oil Case the Supreme Court made it clear that in interpreting the Anti-Trust Law it was guided not by the letter of the law but by its spirit. In the Tobacco Case the Court makes it clear that if it had followed the letter of the law it could not have found remedies for many of the wrongs which the law was designed to cure; but that by following the guidance of the spirit of the law it can both find and apply those remedies. Taken together, the opinions in these two cases bring to the American people assurance that "big business" cannot secure immunity from prosecution by avoiding certain formal violations of the law, but that it can be held to account if, in any way, through combination or even through competition, it undertakes to frustrate the purpose of the law.

The effect of this interpretation of the law is thus twofold. On the one hand, combination, no matter how large, that does not—through the exercise of power

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to fix prices, restrict output, or deteriorate quality—obstruct the free flow of trade, will remain lawful, with all its advantages in economy and efficiency; on the other hand, monopoly or effort to secure monopoly, altogether apart from questions of combination or competition, is unlawful and can be destroyed.

The reason why this full interpretation of the law was completed only after both decisions were rendered lies in the nature of the two cases. The question involved in the Standard Oil Case, though of very wide scope, was comparatively simple. It was whether a single holding company, owning the stocks of a large number of producing companies, had been proved by its practices to constitute a monopoly. The question involved in the Tobacco Case was, on the other hand, very complex. It was whether a large group of companies, not only related to one another by an elaborate arrangement of stock ownership, but also evidently so manipulated as to take advantage of a great variety of devices, methods, and practices, including fierce and ruinous competition with rivals, had been proved, by effects upon the general business it was engaged in, to constitute a monopoly. A literal interpretation of the law might have reached the form through which the Standard Oil Company secured monopoly, though it also would have made unlawful a great deal of business that is beneficial to the public; but it would have been absolutely powerless to reach all the various forms through which the manipulators of the Tobacco Companies secured their monopoly.

In other words, by construing the act in accordance with its spirit rather than its letter, the Court looks beyond the form of combination in business to the purpose and effect.

As the outcome of these two opinions, it may be regarded as settled, therefore, that monopoly is not a matter of method or device, and that those who seek to create a monopoly cannot escape the clutch of the law by taking refuge in some novel and ingenious organization.

Three corollaries may be stated in paradoxical form:

The very lack of evidence that a formal combination has been created may be evidence that a monopoly is intended, since an attempt to obscure the result is one manifestation of the intent to monopolize.

Competition may be even more effective than combination in producing monopoly—since it may be used by a strong concern against a number of weaker rivals to their ruin, or even nominally carried on among constituent members of a group which thus bars others from a field that could not be held by an open combination.

A liberal construction of the law is in practical effect the really strict construction.

The Supreme Court was not satisfied, however, in the case of the Tobacco Trust, to interpret the law and to order the discontinuance of the monopoly. It did that in the Standard Oil Case because the question was comparatively simple; it was unwilling to do that in the Tobacco Case because the question was complex. The Supreme Court therefore reverses the action of the lower court from which the Tobacco Case was appealed, and directs that lower court to hear evidence "for the purpose of ascertaining or determining upon some plan or method of dissolving the combination, and of recreating out of the elements now composing it a new condition which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law." If within eight months the lower court fails to put in operation a plan of its own devising, or to accept a plan agreed upon by those concerned, it shall then exclude the products of the Tobacco Trust from inter-State commerce, or appoint a receiver to give effect to the requirements of the statute. In brief, the Supreme Court puts upon the Circuit Court the responsibility of telling the managers of the Trust what they must do in order to comply with the Anti-Trust Law.

The highest judicial authority in the land has thus declared as plainly as it could that it is impossible to control corporations merely by punishing them when they create a monopoly; that something more must be done.

When the Standard Oil decision was announced, The Outlook said: "All that the courts can do is not enough. It is neither fair to the public nor just to the

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corporation for the Government to exercise its power of control only by lawsuit. It should not, as now, wait until some offense is alleged and then proceed against the accused corporation; it should see that the corporations are so controlled that they may be prevented from offending." The directions given by the Supreme Court to the Circuit Court illustrate the point The Outlook then made. It is the Circuit Court that now is charged with an unprecedented duty in seeing to it that the corporations constituting the Tobacco Trust are "prevented from offending."

It is plain that this duty is not one that normally belongs to a court. It is primarily an administrative duty. There exists in the Federal Government, however, no agency charged by law with this duty. The Supreme Court has done what wise and skillful surgeons sometimes do when they graft a man's finger on his face to replace his nose, or set a man's intestines to performing the functions of his lost stomach.

In this case, however, it is clear, not only that this administrative work is not within the normal functions of the Court, but that it must be regarded as exceptional and extraordinary. It is only the unusual character of the Tobacco monopoly that has induced the Supreme Court to take this unusual action. If every corporation that threatened to participate in monopolistic business were to be referred to a Circuit Court for instructions as to what it might do, that Court would be so overwhelmed with administrative work that it could do little if any of its proper judicial work.

The action of the Supreme Court has revealed beyond question a need that The Outlook has long felt to be evident. That is the need of an administrative bureau with power to do for all great corporations, as a matter of course, without a necessarily preliminary lawsuit, what the Circuit Court, after a lawsuit, is directed to do for the Tobacco Trust.

The implement is at hand. It is the Bureau of Corporations. It is administrative in function; but it lacks the legal authority to act. It should receive that authority from Congress.

What does this involve? The statute giving this authority to the Bureau of Corporations should have at least five features:

First, it should direct that every corporation found guilty of violating the Anti-Trust Act should be required to submit to the Bureau of Corporations, as the Tobacco Trust has been required to submit to the Circuit Court, and, instead of being punished by dissolution and the consequent disarrangement of business and hardship upon the public, should be disciplined by undergoing such reorganization and such change in its practices as may be required by the regulations of the Bureau of Corporations.

Second, the statute should authorize the Bureau of Corporations not to wait for the outcome of long-drawn-out litigation before taking action, but on its own initiative, whenever it saw reason for believing that a corporation was monopolizing or attempting to monopolize a product, to call upon that corporation to come under the direction of the Bureau, and, if the corporation refused, then to bring it before the proper court to show cause why it should not be required to submit to the Bureau's direction.

Third, the statute should make it possible, by provisions either for Federal incorporation or for Federal license, for any corporation engaged in inter-State business to register voluntarily with the Bureau of Corporations and submit to its regulations.

Fourth, in return for submission to the Bureau, the statute should insure to the registered corporations—whether they were registered voluntarily or against their will—freedom from prosecution by either State or Federal Government for violation of anti-monopoly laws.

Fifth, to justify this immunity, the statute should give to the Bureau such power over the business of every corporation subject to it as may be necessary to prevent that corporation from inflicting on the community the evils incident to monopoly, in particular authorizing the Bureau to make such regulations regarding price, output, and quality as to deprive the corporation of the power to inflict those evils that the Supreme Court has defined as the distinctive characteristics of monopoly—namely, the power to fix prices, limit output, and deteriorate quality.

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THE AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD

In this land there has gathered the most heterogeneous population ever brought together under one sovereignty. Here are all races—black, white, red, yellow; here all nationalities—Russian, Scandinavian, Irish, English, French, German, Spanish, Italian; here all religious faiths—the reverential Roman Catholic, the æsthetic Episcopalian, the emotional Methodist, the conservative Presbyterian, the progressive Congregationalist, the radical Unitarian, the unecclesiastical Quaker, the ostentatiously unreligious Agnostic; here all temperaments, from the visionary at the one extreme to the Philistine at the other; here the extreme of ignorance and of scholarship, of superstition and of culture, of poverty and of wealth, of radical Socialism and reactionary toryism; and all are living together in a Nation founded upon self-government, a Nation in which there is no other political power than such as is to be found in the judgments and consciences of its citizens. What can this mean but that we are ourselves to learn, and by learning teach others, the meaning of human brotherhood?

In this task we have made no small progress in a century and a third, but there is much left for the present and the future before our divinely appointed task will be achieved.

We have established a political union. We have bound North and South together by new bonds of mutual respect. Before the war the South scouted the North as a community of shopkeepers; the North scouted the South as a community of braggarts. Neither section believed that the other section would fight. In four years of terrible warfare we learned each other's courage and devotion to principle, and acquired that spirit of mutual respect without which mutual affection is impossible. But we have still to promote, in this heterogeneous population of diverse races, nationalities, religions, classes, and temperaments, that mutuality of respect and of interest, and that interchange of services, which are essential to true brotherhood. Every man can learn something from his neighbor. We can learn cheerfulness from the Negro, patience from the Chinaman, dignity from the North American Indian, order from the German, good humor from the Irish, steadiness of purpose from the English, economy from the French, love of beauty from the Italian. Nor will it be until we have learned that each has some virtue which he can impart to his neighbor, each some service which he can render to his neighbor, and all a common interest which can be advanced only by fraternal co-operation, that we shall have begun to learn the true meaning of a perfect union.

We have abolished slavery, but we have still to emancipate labor. There is no better definition of democracy than Abraham Lincoln's, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Our religion is democratic: it exists, in the conception of the churches, not for the development of a few special saints, but for the moral culture of the masses. Our education is democratic: our public schools are carried on, not to create an aristocracy of learning, but a democracy of intelligence. Our government is democratic: we have still much to do to rid ourselves of the tyranny of the machine and of the boss, but the machine and the boss which are vested with authority in Russia are in revolt against the people in America. But our industries are not democratic. They are autocratic. They are carried on by the few in control over the many, and by the few largely for the benefit of the few, using, even when they do not dishonestly exploit, the many. We can inscribe "All ye are brethren" over our State Capitols, over our school-house doors, over the pulpits in our churches, but not upon the walls of our factories. We have yet to make a labor system conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal.

We have conducted a successful campaign against two out of the five great wastes and burdens of society. Those wastes and burdens are famine, pestilence, war, poverty, and crime. We have abolished famine. Our agricultural system and our transportation system combine to make widespread famine in the United States impossible. We have largely

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banished pestilence. Smallpox and cholera no longer threaten us with invasion. Since the Spanish War we no longer fear the importation of yellow fever from Havana. It will not be long before we shall have banished from our borders the bubonic plague and the hookworm disease. We are conducting a hopeful campaign against tuberculosis. Disease and death always will remain, but the days of great pestilences are numbered. We are beginning to make war against war. By our judicial system on this continent we have settled controversies between separate States which, under Old World methods, would have resulted in ruinous wars. We have settled many great international difficulties by arbitration. And we may reasonably hope that the day is not far distant when democratic sentiment in England, America, France, Germany, and other European nations, as well as in Japan, will bring about the creation of a Supreme Court of the Nations whose function and moral authority will not be unlike the function and moral authority of the Supreme Court in the United States.

But the other two great burdens of society we have not yet begun to attack. We mitigate by charity, more or less wisely ordered, the sufferings of the poor, but only a few reformers far in advance of their time have begun even to consider how poverty may be abolished and every man may be given an opportunity to earn a comfortable subsistence for himself and his family. Nor have we, as a Nation, even considered the question how crime should be abolished. The voice of a few prison reformers may be heard, but is not listened to. Our courts, singularly unscientific in their treatment of this subject, still dwell in the Middle Ages, and imagine that crime can be cured by the deterrent power of penalty, and that the remedy is to fit the penalty to the crime. That crime is a social disease, that the criminal is an abnormal man and needs moral medicament, that in this respect the teaching of Jesus Christ, who always treated sin as a disease, was not only far in advance of his own age but in advance of all the ages, is recognized as an axiom by all who have made of this subject even so much as a superficial study. But our laws and our system of criminal jurisprudence are still those of the Dark Ages, mitigated by a growing sense of humanity, but not transformed by scientific knowledge and the inspiring truth that the criminal is always a brother.

We have established a public school system endowed by the State and controlled by the State. The problem which vexes England, France, Spain, and Italy no longer vexes us. We have solved it. But we have not yet learned what education means. We have not yet grasped the idea that it is a preparation for life. We have not yet comprehended the significance of Huxley's definition: "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature—under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws." We have yet to learn how, in a country with such varied populations and such diverse creeds, the State can train the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with the laws of the Eternal. But we shall not have a true brotherhood until we have a true educational system, nor a true educational system until we have in our public schools this training of the affections.

We have learned the lesson of religious liberty. The Roman Catholics and the Protestants no longer persecute one another. Not only that, they no longer wish to persecute one another. Increasingly Roman Catholics are glad that there are Protestants in the country. Increasingly Protestants are glad that there are Roman Catholics in the country. About a hundred and fifty years ago a Scotch Presbyterian stone-mason was excommunicated for helping to build an Episcopal church. Presbyterians and Episcopalians now worship peacefully within the sound of each other's church bells.

But while we have learned the lesson of religious liberty, we have yet to learn the lesson of religious co-operation. How, in a country where sordid interests are so powerful, where vice is often rampant, where capital tyrannizes over labor and labor wars against capital, where the politician eagerly asks to be corrupted and private interests are eager to corrupt

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him—how in such a country all Christians can co-operate in a common effort for reverence toward God and humanity toward man, for the religion that is doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, is a problem which we have yet to solve.

The work of the Christian Church in this twentieth century in America is not theological. It is sociological. It is not simply teaching the truth that God is our Father which is in heaven. It is teaching the truth that all we are brethren. It is true that each new generation must be taught the Fatherhood of God, and incoming immigrants, unemancipated from the dominion of superstitious fear, must be taught that God is to be loved with the perfect love which casts out fear. But the great work of the Christian Church of to-day is of a different kind. Its divine call is to understand what Christ means by the declaration, "All ye are brethren," and to show by teaching and by practice how black race and white race, foreign and native American, Jew and Christian, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Agnostic, employer and employed, wise and ignorant, virtuous and vicious, can live together in one brotherhood, founded on mutuality of respect and bound together by mutuality of service, in a Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal.

A MOVING NOVEL SIXTY YEARS AFTER

So much history has been crowded into the years since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in book form in 1852 that it is not easy to realize the social and political conditions of which that moving story was the reflection, though not in any sense the product. Mrs. Stowe was then forty-one years old; a woman of unsuspected dramatic gifts, of impassioned imagination, of generous nature, of a force and fire of feeling which she shared with a family opulent in intellectual and moral energy, and of an impulsive and spontaneous temper. Her education was as thorough as the time afforded to women, and was invigorated and enriched by association with her father and brothers. Dr. Lyman Beecher was a fearless, aggressive, and passionate preacher in a time of great mental unrest and intense moral activity. In the fight between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism he was a standard-bearer of the conservative forces; but he was not a reactionary. He was too vital and of too free a nature to be bound by the bonds of rigid Calvinism; he belonged rather with the group of men of insight and original religious experience who, like Dr. Bushnell, gave the old faith a larger interpretation and a more intimate and spiritual appeal. His deep seriousness was tempered by humor, which was one of the great gifts of his more distinguished son Henry. Coming home from the morning service one Sunday, Dr. Beecher threw himself on a lounge and said, in a tone of deep dejection, "I believe that was the worst sermon I ever preached." One of his daughters protested that she had seldom heard him when he was more energetic. "Oh, yes," was the impatient reply, "when I haven't anything to say I always holler."

The Beecher children lived in a free atmosphere, and were not slow to feel its impulse and use its privileges. Early one morning Dr. Beecher heard loud voices in the boys' room in the old parsonage at Litchfield. He called to his oldest son to ask what the noise was about. "Father," was the reply, "Henry says God can't make a sheet of paper with only one side." The great service of the young critic in later life was to set God free from the fetters of a partial theology, and so to give an invigorating and inspiring sense of freedom to men. It was an age of plain living and courageous thinking. Puritanism had planted deep in the New England nature the fear of God and a stern loyalty to his will; life was measured in terms of moral obedience and rectitude; and luxury and ease, with their subtle temptations, were still in the distance.

As the wife of a finely tempered and scholarly theological teacher, and long a resident in Brunswick and Andover, two communities of exceptional intelligence and practical idealism, Mrs. Stowe spent not only her childhood but her maturity largely in an air somewhat rarefied but singularly unworldly. She was born and bred in an atmosphere in which art, with its quick sense of proportion, restraint, and symmetry, and its passion for perfection of

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form, had a very subordinate place; and she never perfectly mastered the tools of her craft or gave her work the quality which would have conserved its great natural force for the long life of the book which belongs ultimately to great literature.

And yet it fell to her lot to write a novel which stirred the whole country and gave her a world-wide reputation. It was inevitable that the contact of Mrs. Stowe's heart with slavery, whenever it came, should bring into her consciousness a vivid and moving sense of injustice and misery, and should also evoke in some form a passionate protest. To Lincoln that moment of knowledge and awakened conviction came when he made the voyage on the flatboat down the Ohio and the Mississippi—the great adventure of his life—and saw slavery with his own eyes on the levees of New Orleans; to Mrs. Stowe it came at Cincinnati, beautifully framed by the hills on the Ohio. To Lincoln that knowledge of the terrible problem which the South had inherited bore fruit, after long thought, in a calm, dispassionate, but unfaltering recognition of the unescapable fact that free institutions and slavery could not permanently live together under the same roof. To Mrs. Stowe that knowledge stirred the heart, set the imagination at work, and was almost unconsciously dramatized in concrete human relations and conditions.

As Mr. Stowe very clearly shows in his article on another page, there was in Mrs. Stowe none of the bitterness of feeling or vehemence of condemnation into which many of the Abolitionists were led; there were deep compassion and the passionate sympathy of a great-hearted woman with the sorrow and anguish of other women. There was no rancor in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and one has to recall the intense and excited feeling of the time to understand the fierce denunciation which it evoked. It was an arraignment of a system, not of a class; and the finest characters in the story were drawn from that class. Its fault was, not that it was unfair, but that it was too highly idealized; the South was full of kind-hearted, loyal, devoted Negroes, but Uncle Tom was not quite real.

The story was born in the heart of a generous and gifted woman; it was written in a mood of prolonged exaltation, and the sheets were wet with real tears; and because it was so close to its time, so intensely a part of the passion of an age, it spoke a language which stirred the world; but because it was so deeply the creation of a moment it has not, and will not, take its place with those books which are not for the hour but for all time. Like the "Annals of a Sportsman," Mrs. Stowe's novel was an event of greater significance in history than in literature; but, like "Les Misérables," it was destined to stir many hearts and to set in motion waves of influence that have long passed beyond sight but are still moving silently toward invisible shores. "The Minister's Wooing" was a much better piece of construction; it is, indeed, an admirable piece of work, and the "Oldtown" stories were far richer in humor and vital characterization; but the world has rightly linked Mrs. Stowe's reputation with a single novel.

THE SPECTATOR

A little crowd had gathered round the cat; and truly it was a forlorn sight. Mangy, half-frozen, seemingly blind, it lay on the pavement as if, in crossing it, it had suddenly given up all nine lives, and laid down to die in the open. The fur was eaten off its head in great patches; its ears were cracked and bleeding. Even the most careless passer-by could not ignore so piteous a creature, and yet no one wanted to touch it. The Spectator is fond of cats, and yet he shrank from picking up the leprous-looking animal. Just as he was making up his mind to do so a child pushed through the crowd—a thin, energetic, small girl in her teens, with a large basket with a lid on her arm.

"Oh, let me have it to take to the cat lady!" she cried, and the group made way for her willingly, each one glad to have the cat succored by somebody else. She knelt down, and with her shabbily gloved hands lifted the half-dead creature. The cat, which had been a large and fine animal, was too weak and wasted to resist or to care. It turned its sightless head a little, but lay limp in her hands as she stowed it away in the basket. "I saw it lying

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here," she said to the Spectator, "and I've been and telephoned to the dog-catcher, but he says he doesn't take cats. So I went and got the basket, and I'm going to carry it to the cat lady myself."

The Spectator, though he was a stranger in the small town, asked if he could carry the basket, for surely that was a trifling thing to do, and yet an assuagement to his conscience for not having examined or helped the cat before this short-skirted deliverer arrived. The girl, after a shrewd look at him, handed him the basket, and guided him down an old-fashioned red-brick street, which began as openly residential, and descended, through drug-stores and garages, to frankly commercial uses of the smaller kind. "The cat lady's house useter be a nice house," said she, confidentially. "She had everything she wanted, but now she's poor. 'Nd she always loved cats; so the neighbors, they brought her all the sick ones, and she took care of them. The Society, it gives her the stuff to put them to sleep with, 'nd she does it without hurting them. They just go to sleep, you know. My! the way some folks treats cats! You like 'em, don't you?"

The Spectator confessed a weakness for cats. "You don't love 'em like the cat lady does, though," the child went on. "She'd have picked this one right up in her arms. Mother won't let me do that. She won't let me touch a strange cat 'less I have gloves on, for fear I might get bit or something. But it hasn't never hurt the cat lady to touch 'em. Here's where she lives." The street had by this time given up all pretenses and come to the Chinese laundry stage. Between a laundry and a cobbler's shop a wooden door, shut fast, led into an alley. The child tapped on the door. "I guess her hours is over for the day," she explained; "visitin' hours, you know. But we can get in through the laundry, any time." She darted into the Chinese laundry, and the Spectator, basket on arm, followed the adventure. A lean, yellow Chinaman with a coiled pigtail remonstrated in pigeon English, but the child marched on into an inner room, pushed past another inhospitable Celestial jabbering harshly from behind an ironing-board, and stepped out of a side door into the alley again, the other side of the closed door, and so into the back yard.

It was a yard of quite spacious dimensions, with green grass in it. Its principal crop, however, was cats. On boxes and barrels that seemed arranged in pedestal style sat or curled cats of yellow, cats of gray, white cats, Maltese cats, and more cats. They were all world-worn specimens—not a kitten among them; but they reclined in dignity and had no fear in this serene spot. "If they're going to get well, she keeps them out here," said the child, "and finds homes for them. She gave my Uncle Henry, out in the country, an awful nice gray one for his barn, that can kill rats. It only has one eye, but Uncle Henry says he wouldn't take five dollars for it. The cat lady 'll come and drown kittens for you, too. She does it in warm water, so's it doesn't hurt them."

As she spoke she rapped on the back door, and the "cat lady" herself opened it. The Spectator had expected something out of the ordinary, and was not disappointed. A very small, very erect old woman, with abundant curly gray hair, stood revealed in the frame of the door. Over a shabby, old-fashioned black dress she wore a shabbier gray knit shawl, and poverty spoke in every line—but poverty accepted and ignored, the poverty of an unworldly recluse. "Come in, come in, my dear," she said to the child, including the Spectator, the basket, and the cat in one sweeping gesture of welcome. "Got a poor pussy in there? Well, well, let's see it. Poor kitty!" and with that she lifted the lid and peered in at the helpless animal, while the Spectator looked about him, quite dumfounded.

For the tiny kitchen was fuller of cats than the yard. In fact, it was like a nightmare of cats, all very sick or crippled. There were one-eyed cats, and three-legged cats, and swathed and bandaged cats that looked like mummies. There were messes for cats simmering on the stove, and liniment for cats pervading the air. And standing in the midst of it, like a queer

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old Egyptian priestess of cats, the "cat lady" lifted the poor, limp, mangy creature out of the basket and held it gently in her arms. "Hand me the bag over there, my dear," she said to the girl; "that gray flannel one. Hold it open—that's right. We'll put pussy in there, and then we'll send it to sleep." Then, as she lowered the poor cat tenderly into the warm flannel, her face took on a wonderful expression—and she bent over it and kissed its head lightly. "I always do that, dear, before I put them to sleep," she said, swiftly. "Now go away, please, both of you, because if pussy should cry I don't want you to hear it."

The girl and the Spectator came away together with the basket, and left her with the bag in her arms. Somehow the Spectator felt that he understood Francis of Assisi and the lepers better than he had ever done even in the Portiuncula. "She makes you feel sort of ashamed of wearing gloves," said the little girl. "But, then, mother told me always to. I'm awful glad there is a cat lady, though, in this town!"

LYNCHING AND PUBLIC SENTIMENT

FROM A SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT

LAKE City, Florida, is a town between Jacksonville and Tallahassee, one hundred and six miles from the latter. Lake City is in Columbia County, and Tallahassee in Leon County. A few weeks ago a white man, B. B. Smith, of Wadesboro, Leon County, was murdered and another white man wounded. Two Negroes, Mark Morris and Jerry Gusto, were arrested, having been accused of this murder, and later four other Negroes were arrested, charged with complicity in the crime. They were first lodged in the jail at Tallahassee, which is not only the county seat of Leon County, but the capital of the State. It seems that the murdered man was a popular citizen, and there were the usual threats of lynching as soon as the finger of suspicion was pointed definitely enough at individuals to cause their arrest.

There was no proof of guilt on the part of any of the Negroes arrested, nor was there any confession of guilt. On account of the insecure condition of the Tallahassee jail, Governor Gilchrist was persuaded to send the accused men to the jail at Lake City. The sheriff of Columbia County left the six prisoners in charge of his seventeen-year-old son and went to Jacksonville on business. Sunday morning, May 21, a little before dawn, five men in two automobiles presented themselves at the doors of the jail, three of them claiming to be the deputies of still another sheriff, and having with them a forged telegram from Governor Gilchrist to the sheriff of Columbia County, demanding the delivery of the prisoners, on the ground that a mob was coming from Leon County to lynch them. The boy in charge of the jail at once opened the doors to these men, and the Negroes were told that the men had come to save them from a mob by taking them to another jail. The Negroes were bound with ropes and went gladly with their captors, whom they hailed as their saviors. Shortly afterwards the good people of Lake City were aroused by long-continued firing of rifles and revolvers, and a few hours later the Negroes were found in a near-by swamp, dead, and their bodies mangled beyond recognition by bullets. The automobiles had disappeared and have not been heard of since.

Two days later Governor Gilchrist was represented as being much disturbed over the incident, when the wives and kindred of the six Negroes went to him to learn the authentication of the rumors they had heard. One of the papers commented upon the "tearless stolidity" of these Negro women. The Governor demanded a full report from the absentee sheriff, and offered a reward of $250 for each of the three men who had deceived the sheriff's son. There was no notice of any reward

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offered for other members of the lynching party. Governor Gilchrist seems not to have taken any further interest in the matter, possibly being occupied with the endeavor to find reasons for his veto of the bill passed by the Legislature to abolish the infamous convict lease system of the State, for Florida retains, by the act of the Governor, this relic of barbarism. The Legislature, however, took some notice of the incident. A bill was introduced in the Senate offering a reward of $5,000 for the arrest of the members of the lynching party, and to this the Senator from Columbia County proposed an amendment making his county immune from the possible consequences of the lynching of the Leon County prisoners. During the debate there were several humorous allusions to the fact that the lynching party probably came from Georgia, the Georgia line being some thirty miles distant from Lake City. The Jacksonville "Times-Union" had a mild editorial deprecating the lynching, but the humor of the incident, the fact that the lynching party came to the jail in automobiles, loomed larger in the editorial mind than the tragedy itself. I have been able to find only one Florida paper of importance, the Tampa "Tribune," which treats the affair as it would ordinarily be treated in civilized communities anywhere in the world. It says, among other things: "The 'Tribune' will have no excuses to offer, nor will any other Florida paper, when Florida is taxed with this outrage by the Northern press." The "Tribune" thinks that five of the men who were murdered were "probably innocent." Nevertheless, the "Tribune's" fears that Florida would be taxed with this outrage by the Northern press seem to have been largely without justification. The lynching of Negroes, guilty or innocent, has become so common that the news of it is not now always carried by the press associations, and editorial comment has become a rarity.

Of course, if any one were in earnest about the matter, these lynchers could be detected. Automobiles on the sandy roads of Florida leave their trails. A forged telegram would give a valuable clue to a good detective. The sheriff's son gave a good description of the five men. Does any one imagine that if Detective Burns, for example, were put upon the trail of these cold-blooded murderers, he would not be able to find them? It should be noted also that this lynching was not for "the usual crime." Indeed, it would be hard to say now what is the usual crime for which Negroes are lynched.

A few weeks ago a popular and beloved officer of Emanuel County, Georgia, was killed, and a Negro, presumably guilty, was hanged by a lynching party. The editor of the Swainsboro "Forest Blade" referred to the lynching party as a "mob," and for this he was gently taken to task by one of his readers in the following letter: "Please allow me to say that I, for one, do not like to hear our good citizens who hang up a worthless Negro and riddle his hide with bullets for shooting down one of our worthy officers, without provocation, as did the black brute in Swainsboro on the night of the 12th instant, referred to as a 'mob.' I understand the word 'mob' to mean a disorderly crowd, riotous assemblage, etc., and the paper stated that the 'mob' dispersed quietly as they had gathered—a little strange procedure for a 'mob,' don't you think? The word 'mob' has a bad sound to me, and I am sure, had I been with those who saved the expense of feeding and sheltering that black fiend by the county, I would not have enjoyed being termed a part of a 'mob.'"

To which the editor rejoins: "It is true, the crowd did not make any great demonstration, and it was as orderly as could be expected under the circumstances."

To this we have come, then, in the South—that the murdering of six black men, "five of them probably innocent," is taken as a matter of course, without unfavorable comment by the press of the State in which the murder occurs; that in another State a citizen, able to read and write, resents the use of the word "mob" as applying to "the good citizens who hang up a worthless Negro," and he regards murder by the mob as an economy, since thereby the feeding and sheltering of a prisoner is saved his county. The name of the county is "Emanuel."

Is "God with us" still, or has he turned

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his face away? Do we fear the Lord no longer, nor dread to bear the mark of Cain? Is it not time that organs of civilization in America were beginning again to take notice of this National sin of lawless murder? Certainly it cannot be said that the mob takes the law into its own hands in these cases for fear that justice will be denied by the courts. I do not claim that the Negro does not get justice generally, but he is certainly not likely to escape the just penalty of the law when he has murdered a white man and the administration of the law is in the hands of white men. In view of these two of the many recent instances of mob-murder, I have felt that some voice should be raised in protest.

THE ROAD TO SOCIAL EFFICIENCY[1]

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THROUGHOUT the civilized world a developing sense of social responsibility has compelled the community to support in some manner its needy members, whatsoever the cause of their inability to support themselves.

In granting this aid we are passing from sporadic, emotional charity to organized charities, and from mere relief to preventive measures. We have learned that financial dependence among the wage-earners is due, in large part, to sickness, accident, invalidity, superannuation, unemployment, or to premature death of the breadwinner of the family. Contingencies like these, referred to in the individual case as a misfortune, are now recognized as ordinary incidents of the lives of the wage-earners. And since our existing industrial system is converting an ever-increasing percentage of the population into wage-earners, the need of providing indemnity against financial losses from such ordinary contingencies in the workingman's life has become apparent. So sickness and death benefits and methods of compensation for accidents have been resorted to. But this partial workingmen's insurance has served mainly in making clear the need of a comprehensive system which shall extend protection also to the wage-earners in case of invalidity, superannuation, or unemployment, and to the widows and orphans left helpless by the premature death of husband or father. In this movement to establish a comprehensive system of workingmen's insurance, Germany, France, and latterly England, have already advanced far.

The United States must follow on the same path, for the conditions which have led to the introduction of workingmen's insurance abroad are universal in their operation. Besides, the form and aims of our Government should lead us to action, as well as the sense of social responsibility. American democracy rests upon the basis of the free citizen. We accord (to the men) universal suffrage. We urge strenuously upon every voter the duty of exercising this right. We insist that the voter should exercise it in the interest of others as well as of himself. We give thus to the citizen the rights of a free man. We impose upon him a duty that can be intrusted with safety only to free men. Politically, the American workingman is free—so far as law can make him so. But is he really free? Can any man be really free who is constantly in danger of becoming dependent for mere subsistence upon somebody and something else than his own exertion and conduct? Men are not free while financially dependent upon the will of other individuals. Financial dependence is consistent with freedom only where claim to support rests upon right, and not upon favor.

President Cleveland's epigram that "it is the duty of the citizen to support the Government, not of the Government to support the citizen," is only qualifiedly true. Universal suffrage necessarily im-

[1] This article is in substance an address delivered by Mr. Brandeis at the National Congress of Charities and Correction at Boston on Thursday of this week.—THE EDITORS.

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poses upon the State the obligation of fitting its governors—the voters—for their task; and the freedom of the individual is as much an essential condition of successful democracy as his education. If the Government permits conditions to exist which make large classes of citizens financially dependent, the great evil of dependence should at least be minimized by the State's assuming, or causing to be assumed by others, in some form the burden incident to its own shortcomings.

The cost of attaining freedom is usually high; and the cost of providing for the workingman, as an essential of freedom, a comprehensive and adequate system of insurance will prove to be no exception to this general rule. But, however large the cost, it should be fairly faced and courageously met. For the expense of securing indemnity against the financial losses attending accident, sickness, invalidity, premature death, superannuation, and unemployment should be recognized as a part of the daily cost of living, like the more immediate demands for rent, for food, and for clothing. So far as it is a necessary charge, it should be met now as a current expense, instead of being allowed to accumulate as a debt with compound interest to plague us hereafter.

Few intelligent property-owners omit to insure against fire. Everybody recognizes the fire insurance premium as a current expense. And yet the chance of loss by fire is very slight as compared with the chance of loss of earnings by sickness, accident, or premature death. Every intelligent manufacturer makes in some form a regular charge for depreciation of machinery and plant. And yet the depreciation of man through invalidity and superannuation is no less certain, and frequently more severe, than the depreciation of machinery. Every intelligent manufacturer recognizes rent, interest, and taxes as current daily charges which continue although his plant is shut down or operates at less than full capacity. The manufacturer makes allowance for this in calculating the cost of production as an extra charge to be met from the earnings of active days. But the cost to the employer of carrying an unused plant is not as great relatively as the cost to the employee of carrying himself and family while unemployed. The manufacturer who fails to recognize fire insurance, depreciation, interest, and taxes as current charges of the business treads the path to bankruptcy. And that nation does the like which fails to recognize and provide against the economic, social, and political conditions which impose upon the workingman so large a degree of financial dependence.

What sum would be required annually to provide an adequate system of workingmen's insurance cannot be determined from existing data. The cost would obviously vary greatly in different occupations and different communities. An amount equal to ten per cent of current wages would go far towards relieving in many industries the distress now incident to sickness, accident, invalidity, premature death, superannuation, and unemployment of the wage-earner. But it is certain that the proceeds of even so large a charge as ten per cent of the average daily wage would, under present conditions, afford merely alleviation of, and not indemnity for, the losses now attendant upon those contingencies in the life of the workingman. The cost of providing complete indemnity would probably reach an amount equal to twenty-five per cent of the average daily wage. For the premiums requisite to secure indemnity from losses incident to sickness, accident, invalidity, premature death, or superannuation would probably aggregate fifteen per cent of the daily wage; while the average percentage required to indemnify for unemployment due to lack of work would probably rise above ten per cent.

This huge and apparently prohibitive expense should not, however, deter us from taking action now. It should, on the contrary, incite us to immediate and vigorous measures. Indeed, it has in it elements of great encouragement. It will disclose how vast the waste incident to present social and industrial conditions is. And when the extent of that waste shall have been determined and made clear to our people, a long step forward will have been taken on the road to improvement and resulting social economy.

Some idea of the possibilities of improvement in this connection are indicated by the following data.

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Professor Irving Fisher has compared the mortality record of the industrial life insurance companies, which provide life insurance to the workingmen in amounts of less than $500 on the weekly premium plan, with the mortality in the ordinary life insurance companies, in which the policies average $1,000 or more. The figures of deaths per year for each 1,000 persons insured are these:

Age.	Industrial Life Insurance Mortality (Metropolitan Life Experience).	Ordinary Life Insurance Mortality (English Experience).
20	10.5	7.3
25	14.1	7.8
35	17.2	9.3
55	35	21.7

The conditions under which that portion of our population live and work who are insured in the ordinary life companies are far from ideal, and leave open a great opportunity for reduction of the death rate. But here we have an average death rate among the workingmen at their most productive age—twenty-five to thirty-five years—which is nearly twice as great as the death rate among those engaged in other occupations. And this high death rate of the workingman is that of the average insured workingman, not the death rate of those engaged in extra-hazardous trades.

Can there be any doubt that, if this heavier mortality had to be adequately compensated for by the State or the industries, and the insurance cost paid from current earnings, its causes would be adequately investigated and the evil conditions of living and working which produce it would be remedied? Society and industry would find how much cheaper it is to conserve than to destroy.

How near at hand the remedy for high mortality lies is illustrated by the experience of the model factory village at Bourneville, near Birmingham. While the average death rate for all ages in England and Wales in the years 1902 to 1907 was 15.7, the death rate at Bourneville was 6.3; and yet the occupations of the inhabitants of Bourneville were fairly representative of the whole country. Over fifty per cent of the workers were factory hands; thirty-six per cent were mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, and others of unclassified occupations; and about thirteen per cent clerks and travelers.

Professor Fisher concludes also that, on the average, every American is sick thirteen days in the year.

Possibilities of lengthening lives and of avoiding sickness and invalidity, like the possibilities of preventing accidents, will be availed of when business as well as humanity demands that this be done.

William Hard quoted Edgar T. Davies, the Factory Inspector of Illinois, as saying that in the year 1906 one hundred men were killed or crippled in the factories of Illinois by the set-screw, and that for thirty-five cents in each instance this danger device could have been recast into a safety device. The set-screw stands up from the surface of the rapidly revolving shaft, and as it turns catches dangerously hands and clothes. For thirty-five cents the projecting top of the set-screw could be sunk flush with the rest of the whirling surface of the shaft, and then no sleeve could be entangled by it, and no human body could be swung and thrown by it.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, which established, in connection with its system of compensation for accidents, a system of inquiry into all accidents with a view to their prevention, reduced the number of accidents per thousand in seven years from sixty-nine to forty.

John Calder, of Ilion, New York, tells of the reduction of accidents in an American plant from a yearly average of two hundred to sixty-four.

Can there be any doubt that if every accident had to be carefully investigated and adequately compensated for, the number of accidents would be reduced to a half or a third?

And undoubtedly the paramount evil in the workingman's life—irregularity of employment—would yield in large measure to like treatment.

The New York Commission, in its recent report on unemployment, gives data from the trade unions showing that "organized workers lose, on the average, twenty per cent of their possible income through unemployment," and data from the charitable societies showing that "from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of those who apply to them for relief every year have been brought to their destitute condition primarily through lack of work."

Some irregularity in employment is

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doubtless inevitable; but in the main irregularity is remediable. It has been overcome with great profit to both employer and employee in important businesses which have recognized the problem as one seriously demanding solution. Society and industry need only the necessary incentive to secure a great reduction in irregularity of employment. In the scientifically managed business irregularity tends to disappear. So far as it is irremediable it should be compensated for like the inevitable accident.

The social and industrial engineers will find much of inspiration and encouragement in the achievement of their fellow-engineers of the factory mutual fire insurance companies of New England.

The huge fire waste in America is a matter of common knowledge. The loss in 1910 was estimated at $234,000,000; and yet there is one class of property, in its nature peculiarly subject to fire risks, which was practically immune. Some 2,600 factories and their contents, valued together at about $2,220,000,000 and scattered throughout twenty-four States and the Dominion of Canada, suffered in the aggregate fire losses of about one-fortieth of one per cent of the value insured. The factories so immune were those owned by members of the so-called "factory mutuals" of New England. The cost to these factories for fire insurance and fire prevention in the year 1910 was only forty-three cents for each one thousand dollars of property insurance. Half a century before, the cost of insurance to the New England factories was $4.30, or ten times as great. The record of the "factory mutuals" of Rhode Island and of some other States is similar.

Now, how has this reduction of fire insurance cost been accomplished? It was done by recognizing that the purpose of these so-called fire insurance companies is not to pay losses but to prevent fires. These mutual companies might more appropriately have been called Fire Prevention Companies; for the losses paid represent merely instances of failures in their main purpose. In these corporations the important officials are not the financiers but the engineers—men who rank among the leaders in the engineering profession of America—and aiding them is a most efficient corps of inspectors.

The achievement of these factory mutuals—the elimination of ninety per cent of the fire risks—is the result of sixty years of unremitting effort in ascertaining and removing causes of fires, and incidentally educating factory-owners and their employees in the importance of providing against these causes. The premiums paid represent the cost of this advice, inspection, and education as much as the cost of what is ordinarily termed insurance.

The progress of the factory mutuals in reducing fire losses was relatively slow; but it has been steady, as is shown in the following table of net cost of fire insurance per $1,000 per year in two representative companies:

Years.	Boston Manufacturers Mutual Fire Insurance Co.	Arkwright Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
1850–60	$4.37	
1861–70	2.79	$3.37
1871–80	2.54	3.00
1881–90	2.27	2.16
1891–1900	1.44	1.54
1901–1910	0.68	0.69
Year 1910	0.44	0.43

Possibilities no less alluring are open to the social and industrial engineer. Will the community support their efforts?

Consider how great would be the incentive to humanize social and industrial conditions if the cost of inhuman conditions were not only made manifest but had to be borne from day to day unless the inhuman conditions themselves were removed!

Mere description of the misery unnecessarily entailed by the inhuman conditions, mere statements of cost, however clear and forceful, will fail to secure the removal of these inhuman conditions in industry and in the life of our people from which this misery springs. But if society and industry and the individual were made to pay from day to day the actual cost of the sickness, accident, invalidity, premature death, or premature old age consequent upon excessive hours of labor, of unhygienic conditions of work, of unnecessary risks, and of irregularity in employment, those evils would be rapidly reduced.

We need a comprehensive system of workingmen's insurance as an incentive to justice. We need it, "lest we forget."

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NAPLES AND THE LAND OF THE EMIGRANT

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

AUTHOR OF "UP FROM SLAVERY," "THE STORY OF THE NEGRO," ETC.

THE FOURTH ARTICLE IN THE SERIES CALLED "THE MAN FARTHEST DOWN"

I HAD crossed Europe from north to south before I got my first glimpse of an emigrant bound for America. On the way from Vienna to Naples I stopped at midnight at Rome, and in the interval between trains I spent an hour in wandering about in the soft southern air—such air as I had not found anywhere since I left my home in Alabama.

In returning to the station my curiosity was aroused, as I was passing in the shadow of the building, by what seemed to me a large vacant room near the main entrance to the station. As I attempted to enter this room I stumbled over the figure of a man lying on the stone floor. Looking farther, I saw something like forty or fifty persons, men as well as women, lying on the floor, their faces turned toward the wall, asleep.

The room itself was apparently bare and empty of all furniture. There was neither a bench nor a table, so far as I could see, in any part of the room. It seemed that, without any expectation of doing so, I had wandered into the room reserved for emigrants, and come accidentally upon one of the sights I most wanted to see in Italy, namely, a party of emigrants bound for America.

As near as I could learn, these people were, for the most part, peasants, who had come in from the surrounding country, carrying what little property they possessed on their backs or tied up in little bundles in their arms, and were awaiting the arrival of the train that was to take them to the port from which they could take ship for America.

I confess it struck me as rather pathetic that, in this splendid new and modern railway station, in which the foreign traveler and the native Italian of the upper classes were provided with every convenience and luxury, so little thought had been given to the comfort of these humble travelers, who represent the people in Italy who pay proportionately most of the taxes and who, by their patient industry and thrift, have contributed more than any other class to such progress as Italy has made in recent years.

Later on I had an opportunity to pass through the country from which perhaps the majority of these emigrants had come. I traveled through a long stretch of country where one sees only now and then a lonesome shepherd or a wretched hut with one low room and a cow-stall. I also visited some of the little villages which one sees clinging to the barren hilltops, to escape the poisonous mists of the plains below. There I saw the peasants in their homes and learned something of the way in which the lowly people in the rural districts have been neglected and oppressed. After that I was able to understand that it was no special hardship that these emigrants suffered at Rome. Perhaps many of them had never before slept in a place as clean and sanitary as the room the railway provided them.

Early the next morning, as my train was approaching Naples, my attention was attracted by the large number of women I saw at work in the fields. It was not merely the number of women but the heavy wrought-iron hoes, of a crude and primitive manufacture, with which these women worked that aroused my interest. These hoes were much like the heavy tools I had seen the slaves use on the plantations before the Civil War. With these heavy instruments some of the women seemed to be hacking the soil, apparently preparing it for cultivation; others were merely leaning wearily upon their tools, as if they were over-tired with the exertion. This seemed quite possible to me, because the Italian women are slighter and not as robust as the women I had seen at work in the fields in Austria.

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I inquired why it was that I saw so many women in the fields in this part of the country, for I had understood that Italian women, as a rule, did not go so frequently into field work as the women do in Austria and Hungary. I learned that it was because so many of the men, who formerly did this work, had emigrated to America. As a matter of fact, three-fourths of the emigration from Italy to America comes from Sicily and the other southern provinces. There are villages in lower Italy which have been practically deserted. There are others in which no one but women and old men are left behind, and the whole population is more than half supported by the earnings of Italian laborers in America. There are cities within twenty miles of Naples which have lost within ten years two-thirds of their inhabitants. In fact, there is one little village not far from the city of which it is said that the entire male population is in America.

Ten days later, coming north from Sicily, I passed through the farming country south of Naples from which large numbers of emigrants go every year to the United States. It is a sad and desolate region. Earthquakes, malaria, antiquated methods of farming, and the general neglect of the agricultural population have all contributed to the miseries of the people. The land itself—at least such portion of it as I saw—looks old, worn-out, and decrepit; and the general air of desolation is emphasized when, as happened in my case, one comes suddenly, in the midst of the desolate landscape, upon some magnificent and lonely ruin, representing the ancient civilization that flourished here two thousand years ago.

Statistics which have been recently collected, after an elaborate investigation, by the Italian Government, show that, in a general way, the extent of emigration from southern Italy is in direct ratio to the neglect of the agricultural classes. Where the wages are smallest and the conditions hardest, there emigration has reached the highest mark. In other words, it is precisely from those parts of Italy where there are the greatest poverty, crime, and ignorance that the largest number of emigrants from Italy go out to America, and, I might add, the smallest number return. Of the 511,935 emigrants who came to North and South America from Italy in 1906, 380,615 came from Sicily and the southern provinces.

One of the most interesting experiences I had while in Europe was in observing the number of different classes and races there are in Europe who look down upon, and take a hopeless view of, certain of their neighbors because they regard them as inferior. For example, one of the first things I learned in Italy was that the people in northern Italy look down upon the people of southern Italy as an inferior race. I heard and read many times while I was in Italy stories and anecdotes illustrating the childishness, the superstition, and the ignorance of the peasant people and the lower classes generally in southern Italy. In fact, nothing that I have known or heard about the superstition of the Negro people in America compares with what I heard about the superstition of the Italian peasants. What surprised me more was to learn that statistics gathered by the Italian Government indicate that in southern Italy, contrary to the experience of every other country, the agricultural laborers are physically inferior to every other class of the population. The people in the rural districts are shorter of stature and in a poorer condition generally than they are in the cities.

For all these reasons I was the more anxious to learn for myself what these people were like. I wanted to find out precisely in what this inferiority of the southern Italian consisted, because I knew that these people were very largely descended from the ancient Greeks, who, by reputation at least, were the most gifted people the world has ever known.

The city of Naples offers some advantages for studying the southern population, since it is the port at which the stream of emigration from the small towns and farming districts of the interior reaches the sea. The exportation of laborers to America is one of the chief businesses of that city. It was at Naples, then, that I gained my earliest first-hand knowledge and acquaintance of the Italians of the south.

I think the thing that impressed me most about Naples was the contrast be-

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tween the splendor of its natural surroundings, the elegance and solidity of its buildings, and the dirt, disorder, and squalor in which the masses of the people live. It was early morning when I arrived in the city for the first time. The sun, which was just rising over the black mass of Vesuvius, flooded the whole city and the surrounding country with the most enchanting light. In this soft light the gray and white masses of the city buildings, piled against the projecting hillside to the right and stretching away along the curving shores to the left, made a picture which I shall never forget.

Some of this sunshine seemed to have got into the veins of the people, too, for I never saw anywhere so much sparkle and color, so much life and movement, as I did among the people who throng the narrow streets of Naples. I never heard before so many curious human noises or saw such vivid and expressive gestures. On the other hand, I never saw anywhere before so many beggars, so many barefooted men, so many people waiting at the station and around the streets to pick up a casual job. It seemed to me that there were at least six porters to every passenger who got off the train, and these porters were evidently well organized, for I had the experience of seeing myself and my effects calmly parceled out among half a dozen of them, every one of whom demanded, of course, a separate fee for his services.

My experience in Europe leads me to conclude that the number of casual laborers, hucksters, vagabonds, and hunters of odd jobs one meets in a city is a pretty good index of the condition of the masses of the people. By this measure I think that I should have been able to say at the outset that there was in Naples a larger class living in the dirt, degradation, and ignorance at the bottom of society than in any other city I visited in Europe. I make this statement even though cities like Catania and Palermo, in Sicily, which are surrounded by an agricultural population just as wretched, are little, if any, better than Naples in this respect.

Very few persons who go to Naples merely as sightseers ever get acquainted, I suspect, with the actual conditions of the people. Most travelers who see Naples are carried away by the glamour of the sunshine, the color, and the vivacity of the Italian temperament. For that reason, they do not see the hard struggle for existence which goes on in the narrow streets of the city, or, if they do, they look upon the shifts and devices to which this lighthearted people are driven in order to live as merely part of the picturesqueness of the southern life and people.

I have been more than once through the slums and poorer quarters of the colored people of New Orleans, Atlanta, Philadelphia, and New York, and my personal observation convinces me that the colored population of these cities is in every way many per cent better off than the corresponding classes in Naples and the other Italian cities I have named. As far as the actual hardships they have to endure or the opportunities open to them, the condition of the Negro in these cities does not compare, in my opinion, with that of the masses of the Italians in these southern Italian cities.

There is this difference also: the majority of the Negroes in the large cities of the South and North in the United States are from the country. They have been accustomed to range and wander in a country where life was loose and simple and existence hardly a problem. They have not been accustomed to either the comforts or the hardships of complex city life. In the case of the Italians life in the crowded, narrow streets, and the unsanitary intimacy and confusion in which men, goats, and cattle here mingle, have become the fixed habit of centuries.

It is not an unusual thing, for instance, to find a cow or a mule living in close proximity, if not in the same room, with the rest of the family, and, in spite of the skill and artistic taste which show themselves everywhere in the construction and decoration of the buildings, the dirt and disorder in which the people live in these buildings are beyond description. Frequently in passing through the streets of these southern cities one meets a herd of goats wandering placidly along over the stone pavements, nibbling here and there in the gutters or holding up in front of a house to be milked.

Even where the city government has made the effort to widen and improve the

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streets, let in air and sunlight, and maintain sanitary conditions, the masses of the people have not yet learned to make use of these conveniences. I recall, in passing along one of these streets, in the center of the city, which had been recently laid out with broad stone sidewalks and built up with handsome three and four story stone buildings, seeing a man and a cow standing on the sidewalk at the corner of the street. It seemed to me that the natural thing would have been to let the cow stand in the street and not obstruct the sidewalk. But these people evidently look upon the cow as having the same rights as other members of the population. While the man who owned the cow was engaged in milking, a group of women from the neighboring tenements stood about with their pitchers and gossiped, awaiting their turn at the cow.

This method of distributing milk, namely, by driving the animal to the front door and milking while you wait, has some advantages. It makes it unnecessary to sterilize the milk, and adulteration becomes impracticable. The disadvantage is that, in order to make this method of milk delivery possible, the cow and the goats must become city dwellers and live in the same narrow streets with the rest of the population. Whatever may be true of the goat, however, I am sure that the cow is not naturally adapted to city life, and where, as is true in many instances, whole families are forced to crowd into one or two rooms, the cow-stall is likely to be still more crowded. Under these conditions I am sure that the average cow is going to be neither healthy nor happy.

For my purposes it is convenient to divide the life of Naples into three classes. There is the life of the main avenues or boulevards, where one sees all that is charming in Neapolitan life. The buildings are handsome, streets are filled with carriages, sidewalks are crowded with handsomely dressed people. Occasionally one sees a barefooted beggar asleep on the marble steps of some public building. Sometimes one sees, as I did, a woman toiling up the long street side by side with a donkey pulling a cart. There are a good many beggars, but even they are cheerful, and they hold out their hands to you with a roguish twinkle in their eyes that somehow charms the pennies out of your pocket.

Then there is the life of the narrower streets, which stretch out in an intricate network all over the older part of the city. Many of these streets contain the homes as well as the workshops of the artisan class. Others are filled with the petty traffic of hucksters and small tradesmen. In one street you may find a long row of push-carts, with fish and vegetables, or strings of cheap meat dangling from cords, surrounded by a crowd, chaffering and gesticulating—Neapolitan bargain-hunters. In another street you will find, intermingled with the little shops, skilled artisans with their benches pushed half into the street, at work at their various tasks. Here you will see a wood-carver at his open doorway, busily engaged in carving out an elegant bit of furniture, while in the back of the shop his wife is likely to be engaged in getting the midday meal. A little farther along you may meet a goldsmith, a worker in iron or in copper. One is making a piece of jewelry, the other is mending a kettle. In these streets one sees, in fact, all the old handicrafts carried on in much the same manner and apparently with the same skill that they were carried on three hundred years ago.

Finally, there are the narrower, darker, dirtier streets which are not picturesque and into which no ordinary traveler ventures. This seldom-visited region was, however, the one in which I was particularly interested, for I had come to Naples to see the people and to see the worst.

In the neighborhood of the hotel where I stayed there was a narrow, winding street which led by a stone staircase from the main thoroughfare up the projecting hillside to one of those dark and obscure alleyways for which Naples, in spite of the improvements which have been made in recent years, is still noted. Near the foot of the stairs there was a bakery, and not far away was the office of the State Lottery. The little street to which I refer is chiefly inhabited by fishermen and casual laborers, who belong to the poorest classes of the city. They are the patrons also of the lottery and the bakery, for there is no part of Naples that is so poor that it does not support the

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luxury of a lottery; and, I might add, there are few places of business that are carried on in a filthier manner than these bakeries of the poorer classes.

I was passing this place late in the afternoon, when I was surprised to see a huckster—I think he was a fish vender—draw up his wagon at the foot of this stone staircase and begin unhitching his mule. I looked on with some curiosity, because I could not, for the life of me, make out where he was going to put that animal after he had unhitched him. Presently the mule, having been freed from the wagon, turned of his own motion and began clambering up the staircase. I was so interested that I followed.

A little way up the hill the staircase turned into a dark and dirty alleyway, which, however, was crowded with people. Most of them were sitting in their doorways or in the street; some were knitting, some were cooking over little charcoal braziers which were placed out in the street. One family had the table spread in the middle of the road and had just sat down very contentedly to their evening meal. The street was strewn with old bottles, dirty papers, and all manner of trash; at the same time it was filled with sprawling babies and with chickens, not to mention goats and other household appurtenances. The mule, however, was evidently familiar with the situation, and made his way along the street, without creating any surprise or disturbance, to his own home.

I visited several other streets during my stay in Naples which were, if possible, in a worse condition than the one I have described. In a city where every one lives in the streets more than half the time, and where all the intimate business of life is carried on with a frankness and candor of which we in America have no conception, there is little difficulty in seeing how people live. I saw, for example, several cases in which the whole family, to the number of six or seven, lived in a single room, on a dirt floor, without a single window. More than that, this one room, which was in the basement of a large tenement-house, was not as large as the average one-room Negro cabin in the South. In one of these one-room homes I visited there was a blacksmith shop in one part of the room, while the family ate and slept in the other part. The room was so small that I took the trouble to measure it, and found it 8×13 feet in size.

Many of these homes of the poorer classes are nothing better than dark and damp cellars. More than once I found in these dark holes sick children and invalid men and women living in a room in which no ray of light entered except through the open door. Sometimes there would be a little candle burning in front of a crucifix beside the bed of the invalid, but this flickering taper, lighting up some pale, wan face, only emphasized the dreary surroundings. It was a constant source of surprise to me that under such conditions these people could be so cheerful, friendly, and apparently contented.

I made some inquiry as to what sort of amusements they had. I found that one of the principal forms of amusement of this class of people is gambling. What seems stranger still, this vice is in Italy a Government monopoly. The State, through its control of the lottery, adds to the other revenue which it extracts from the people not less than five million dollars a year, and this sum comes, for the most part, from the very poorest part of the population.

There are, it seems, something like 1,700 or 1,800 offices scattered through the several large cities of Italy where the people may buy lottery tickets. It seemed to me that the majority of these offices must be in Naples, for in going about the city I saw them almost everywhere, particularly in the poorer quarters.

These lottery offices were so interesting that I determined to visit one myself and learn how the game was played. It seems that there is a drawing every Saturday. Any one may bet whatever amount he chooses that a number somewhere between one and ninety will turn up in the drawing. Five numbers are drawn. If you win, the lottery pays ten to one. You may also bet that any two of the five numbers drawn will turn up in succession. In that case, the bank pays the winner something like fifty to one. You may also bet that three out of five will turn up, and in case you win the bank pays 250 times the amount you bet. Of course the odds are very much against the player, and it is estimated that the State gets about fifty

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per cent of all the money that is paid in. The art of the game consists, according to popular superstition, in picking a lucky number. In order to pick a lucky number, however, one must go to a fortune-teller and have one's dreams interpreted, or one must pick a number according to some striking event, for it is supposed that every event of any importance suggests some lucky number. Of course all this makes the game more interesting and complicated, but it is, after all, a very expensive form of amusement for poor people.

From all that I can learn, public sentiment in Italy is rapidly being aroused to the evils which cling to the present system of dealing with the agricultural laborer and the poorer classes. But Italy has not done well by her lower classes in the past. She has oppressed them with heavy taxes; has maintained a land system that has worn out the soil at the same time that it has impoverished the laborer; has left the agricultural laborers in ignorance; has failed to protect them from the rapacity of the large landowners; and has finally driven them to seek their fortunes in a foreign land.

In return, these emigrants have repaid their native country by vastly increasing her foreign commerce, by pouring back into Italy the earnings they have made abroad, by themselves returning with new ideas and new ambitions and entering into the work of building up the country.

These returned emigrants have brought back to the mother country improved farming machinery, new methods of labor, and new capital. Italian emigrants abroad not only contribute to their mother country a sum estimated at between five and six million dollars annually, but Italian emigration has awakened Italy to the value of her laboring classes, and in doing this has laid the foundation for the prosperity of the whole country. In fact, Italy is another illustration that the condition of the man at the bottom affects the life of every class above him. It is to the class lowest down that Italy largely owes what prosperity she has as yet attained.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: FRIEND OF THE SOUTH

BY CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

THAT fascinating delineator of "the Old South," Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, says in his book on "The Negro: The Southerner's Problem:" "On one thing, however, the North may with justice pride itself: that in the end there was awakened in it a general sentiment for emancipation. For this it was indebted to a work of genius produced by a woman; a romance which touched the heart of Christendom. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' overruled the Supreme Court of the United States and abrogated the Constitution. By arousing the general sentiment of the world against slavery it contributed more than any other one thing to its abolition in that generation." In another place in the same volume he remarks that it "did more than any one thing that ever occurred to precipitate the war."

It is an interesting fact that the last thing that Mrs. Stowe designed to accomplish by this wonderful book was war and bloodshed. She abhorred all war and violence as strongly as did William Lloyd Garrison himself. Her design in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so far from being strife and slaughter, was peace and reconciliation. She knew the Southern people, and had for them a most profound admiration. She knew how conscientious and kind they meant to be, and for the most part were, in their dealings with their slaves. The fault, she felt, was not with the people of the South, but with the institution itself. She said to herself, "It is impossible that a people so generous, so noble, and so Christian

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can see the institution of slavery as it truly is." This was not so far astray. We do not see our own institutions as clearly as those who are entirely outside their domain and influence can see them. The best books on our country's institutions have been written respectively by a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman. Mrs. Stowe consequently was not audacious in thinking that she could open the eyes of Southern slaveholders to aspects of slavery which had escaped their notice, and certainly not unkind in thinking that a people so chivalrous and noble would respond to her appeal.

Mrs. Stowe was not in sympathy with the bitter vituperation and personal abuse with which many of the Abolitionists had attacked the slaveholders of the South. It was her intention, so far as possible, to heal the wounds that they had made. It was her expectation that her mode of presentation, while pleasing to the people of the South, would be received with very ill grace by the Abolitionists. The result was a great surprise and disappointment to her.

While her main object was to show the institution of slavery as it actually was, she threw the whole emphasis on the brighter side, both directly and by implication.

She gave Uncle Tom three masters, two of them Southern men, noble, chivalric, and kind. The third master, who was a brute, was not a Southerner at all, but a renegade Yankee.

Then, indirectly and by implication, her noblest characters—Eva, Uncle Tom, George Harris, Mrs. Shelby, and St. Clare—were the products of the institution of slavery and nourished on its breast. While Mrs. Stowe was employed as a teacher in a school established by her sister Catherine in Cincinnati, Ohio, she was frequently invited to the homes of her pupils who were the daughters of slaveholders, and she found them to be truly Christian, upright, generous, and kind. She heard their views of the institution, and learned to appreciate their situation. She felt that justice required that their difficulties should be recognized and their many virtues acknowledged. She aimed to show that the people of the South were good, and that it was the institution of slavery that was bad; that they had inherited it, and become involved in it as its administrators quite as much through the fault of the so-called "free States" as their own. As a matter of fact, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was at first cordially received at the South, and a friend of Mrs. Stowe's, remarking it, wrote to her: "You have done a great work! Your book is going to be the great *Pacificator;* it will unite *North and South.*"

In commenting on this, Mrs. Stowe wrote: "At first the book seemed to go by acclamation; the South did not condemn, and the North was loud in unanimous praise. . . ." Then, speaking of the reaction that came, she says: "There is nothing that Southern political leaders and capitalists so dread as anti-slavery feeling among themselves. . . . My book is therefore as much under an interdict in some parts of the South as the Bible in Italy; . . . a real injustice to many noble-minded people at the South, who, if they were allowed quietly and dispassionately to hear and judge, might be led to best results."

Immediately after the publication of the book Mrs. Stowe wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury as follows: "When I wrote my book, it was in simplicity and in the love of Christ, and if I felt anything that seemed to me like a call to undertake it, it was this, that I had a true heart of love for the Southern people, a feeling appreciation of their trials, and a sincere admiration of their many excellent traits; and that I thus felt, I think, must appear to every impartial reader of the work. It was my hope that a book so kindly intended, so favorable [to the South] in so many respects, might be permitted free circulation among them, and that the gentle voice of Eva and the manly generosity of St. Clare might be allowed to say things of the system which would be invidious in any other form."

In February, 1853, Mrs. Stowe wrote to Mr. Goodloe, of North Carolina:

"It has been my earnest desire to address myself to Southern minds, for I have always believed that there was slumbering at the South energy enough to reform all its evils, could it only be aroused.

"It has seemed to me that many who have attacked the system have not under-

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stood the Southern character, nor appreciated what is really good in it. I think I have; at least I have tried, during this whole investigation, to balance my mind by keeping before it the most agreeable patterns of Southern life and character.

"While at the South I am regarded with so much bitterness as their accuser at the bar of the world, I am sure I have every disposition in my heart to be their advocate—that is, in all things which are defensible.

"It seems to me that truly noble minds ought to consider that the best friendship which refuses to defend their faults; but rather treats them as excrescences which ought to be severed. What is true of individuals is true of countries.

"I respect and admire the true, chivalric, noble ideal of the Southern man, and therefore more indignantly reprobate that which is no part of him, being the result of an unnatural institution which is unworthy of him.

"Therein I think I show myself more truly a friend than those who undertake to defend faults and all. . . .

"One thing is certain, that, so far as I have made impressions in England, they have been favorable to individual slaveholders, if adverse to the system. . . ."

At the close of the Civil War Mrs. Stowe raised her voice in protest against giving the ballot to the former slaves and placing the bayonet at the breasts of the masters to enforce submission to the reign of riot, ruin, reckless extravagance, and anarchy that resulted from that unfortunate measure.

To quote her own words: "I am opposed to giving the ballot to the liberated slaves, who are utterly unfit to comprehend its meaning or use it properly. If, against their will, Negro suffrage is forced upon the Southern people, I do not see how any one in his right senses can expect anything but a war of races. My way would be to hold over the Negro the protection of the Freedman's Bureau until the great laws of labor shall begin to draw the master and servant together; to endeavor to soothe and conciliate and win to act with us a party composed of the really good men of the South."

The writer was with Mrs. Stowe in the South during the horrors of the carpet-bag era, and she expressed herself frequently and with the deepest regret with regard to the very serious blunders which, from her point of view, were being made. She saw the best men disfranchised and the worst in power.

To picture Mrs. Stowe as an enemy of the people of the South and as the fomenter of strife between the two sections of the country is most untrue to fact and unkind to her memory.

The time calls for justice to the South, and to Mrs. Stowe.

Southern men fought for what they believed to be a holy cause with a gallantry, self-sacrificing devotion, and bravery that covered defeat even with imperishable glory. When they laid down their arms, they had suffered the loss of everything. Not only had an innumerable multitude of their noblest sons shed their blood on many battlefields, but their homes were desolated, their fields devastated, their wealth had vanished. One of the most pathetic incidents of the Civil War, to the writer's mind, was the great revival of religion that swept through the battered remnants of General Lee's army as it was being hammered to pieces by Grant's iron fist. All through the South to-day are clergymen in all the churches who trace their first religious impressions to that revival. Revivals of religion do not take place among men of evil hearts and designs.

Mrs. Stowe herself has said: "I have talked with many Southern men and women since the war, but I have found no one who regrets that slavery is gone forever."

In fact, many Southern men say freely that even the war will ultimately prove to have been the greatest blessing that ever came to the South, because it put an end to the institution of slavery.

It is but one step further for the people of the South to reckon among their greatest benefactors the woman who, in the words of Thomas Nelson Page, wrote that book which "contributed more than any other one thing to its [slavery's] abolition in that generation."

More reasonable is this expectation when we remember that she painted slaveholders as "amiable, generous, and just," to quote her own words. She showed

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among them the noblest and the most beautiful traits of character, and admitted fully their difficulties and perplexities.

Fifty years have passed since the outbreak of the Civil War, one hundred since the birth of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and sixty since the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the name of all that is fair and just, why should her name and her work be longer a symbol of sectional strife and discord?

It was immediately after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that Mrs. Stowe wrote the hymn so well known and loved:

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Wakes the calm consciousness, I am with Thee."

May her memory be associated with the spirit of that hymn, so true to her character and the aim and motive of her life of loving and suffering!

BEYOND THE REALM OF WEATHER

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

OUR friends say to us now and then, "But why must you do these things with a gun? Why can't you do the same things and leave the gun at home?" Why, indeed? When I put this question to Jonathan, he smokes on placidly. But of one thing I am sure: if it had not been for the guns and the ducks, I should never have known what the marshes were like in winter fog—what they were like under a winter sky with a wind straight from the North Pole sweeping over their bare stretches.

It was early afternoon. Through the study window I looked out upon a raw, foggy world, melting snow underfoot and overhead. It was the kind of day about which even the most deliberately cheerful can find little to say except that this sort of thing can't last forever, you know. However, if I had had a true instinct for "nature," I should, I suppose, have seen at a glance that it was just the day to go and lie in a marsh. But this did not occur to me. Instead, I thought of open fires, and popcorn, and hot peanuts, and novels, and fudge, and other such things, which are supposed to be valuable as palliatives on days like these.

The telephone rang. "Oh, it's you, Jonathan! . . . What? No, not really! You wouldn't! . . . Well, if the ducks like it, they may have it all. I'm not a duck. . . . Why, of course, if you really want me to, I'll go, only . . . All right, I'll get out the things. . . . Three o'clock train? You'll have to hurry!" I hung up the receiver and sat a moment, dazed, looking out at the reek of weather. Then I shook myself and darted upstairs to the hunting-closet. In half an hour the bag was packed and Jonathan was at the door. In an hour we were on the train, and at twilight we were tramping out into a fog-swept marsh. Grayness was all around us; underfoot was mud, glimmering patches of soft snow, and the bristly stubble of the close-cut marsh grass.

"What fools we are!" I murmured.

"Why?" said Jonathan, contentedly.

"Oh, if you can't see—" I said. And then, suddenly, as we walked, my whole attitude changed. The weather, as weather, seemed something that belonged in a city—very far away, and no concern of mine. This wasn't weather, here where we walked; it was a gray and boundless world of mystery. We raised our heads high and breathed long, deep breaths as the fog drifted against our faces. We were aware of dim masses of huddling bushes, blurred outlines of sheds and fences. Then only the level marsh stretched out before us and around us. "Can we find our way out again?" I murmured, though without real anxiety.

"Probably," said Jonathan. "Isn't it great! You feel as if you had a soul out

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here! By the way, what was it you said about fools?"

"I forget," I said.

We went on and on, I don't know just where or how long, until we came to the creek, where the tide sets in and out. I should have walked into it if Jonathan hadn't held me back. As we followed it there rose a hoarse, raucous "Ngwak, ngwak, ngwak!" and a great rush of wings. Jonathan dropped on one knee, gun up, but we saw nothing.

"We'll settle down here," he said. "There'll be more coming in soon. Wait a minute—hold my gun." He disappeared in the fog, and came back with an armful of hay, taken from the heart of a haystack of whose existence he seemed, by some sixth or seventh sense, to be aware. "There! That'll keep you off the real marsh. Now settle down, and don't move, and listen with all your ears, and be ready. I'll go off a little way."

I sank down on the hay, and watched him melt into the grayness. I was alone in the dim marsh. There was no wind, no sound but the far-off whistle and rush of a train. I lay there and thought of nothing. I let myself be absorbed into the twilight. I did not even feel that I had a soul. I was nothing but a point of consciousness in the midst of a gray infinity.

Suddenly I was aware of a sound—a rapid pulsing of soft, high tone—too soft for a whistle, too high for a song, pervasive, elusive; it was overhead, it was beside me, behind me, where? Ah—it was wings! The winnowing of wings! I half rose, grasping my gun, with a sense of responsibility to Jonathan. But my vision was caught in the grayness as in a web. The sound grew clearer, then fainter, then it passed away. The twilight gathered, and the fog partly dissolved. A fine rain began to fall, and in the intense silence I could hear the faint pricking of the drops on the stiff marsh stubble. I had thought the patter of rain on a roof was the stillest sound I knew, but this was stiller. Again came the winnowing of wings—again and again; and sometimes I was able to see the dark shapes passing overhead and vanishing almost before they appeared. Now and then I heard the muffled, flat sound of Jonathan's gun—he was evidently living up to his opportunities better than I was. Occasionally, in a spasm of activity, I shot too.

Until night closed in about us that sound of wings filled the air, and I knelt, listening and watching. It is strange how one can be physically alert while yet one's soul is withdrawn, quiet and receptive. Out of this state, as out of a trance, I was roused by the sense of Jonathan's dim bulk, seeming "larger than mortal" as he emerged from the night.

"Cold?" he said.

"I don't know—no, of course I'm not." I found it hard to lay hold on clear ideas again.

"I heard you shoot. Get any?"

"I think I hurried them a little."

We started back. At least I suppose it was back, because after a while we came to the road we had left. I was conscious only of bewildering obscurity lit by glimmering patches of snow that lay like half-veiled moonlight on the dark stretches of the marsh. At last a clump of cedars made themselves felt rather than seen. "There's the fence corner! We're all right," said Jonathan. A snow-filled horse-rut gave faint guidance, the twigs of the hedge-row lightly felt of our faces as we passed. We found the main road, and it led us through the quiet, fog-bound village, whose house lights made tiny blurs on the mist, to the hot, bright little station. Then came the close, flaringly lighted car and people—commuters—getting on and off, talking about the "weather," and filling the car with the smell of wet newspapers and umbrellas. We had returned to the land of "weather." Yet it did not really touch us. It seemed a dream. The reality was the marsh, with its fog and its pricking raindrops and its sentinel cedars, its silence and its wings.

In the days that followed the fog passed, and there were long, warm rains. The marsh called us, but we could not go. Then the sky cleared, the wind rose, the mercury began to drop. Jonathan looked across the luncheon table and said, "What about ducks?"

"Can you get off?" I asked, joyously.

"I can't, but I will," he replied.

And this time— Did I think I knew the marsh? Did I suppose, having seen it at dawn in the fall days when the sun

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still rises early, having seen it in winter twilight, fog-beset, that I knew it? Do I suppose I know it now? At least I know it better, having seen it under a clearing sky, when the cold wind sweeps it clean, and the air, crystalline, seems like a lens through which one looks and sees a revelation of new things.

As we struck into the marsh, just at sundown, my first thought was a rushing prayer for words, for colors, for something to catch and hold the beauty of it. But there are no words, no colors. No one who has not seen it can know what a New England shore marsh can be in winter under a golden sky.

Winter does some things for us that summer cannot do. Summer gives us everything all at once—color, fragrance, line, sound—in an overwhelming exuberance of riches. And it is good. But winter— Ah, winter is an artist, winter has reserves, he selects, he emphasizes, he interprets. Winter says, "I will give you nothing to-day but brown and white, but I will glorify these until you shall wonder that there can be any beauty except thus." And again winter says: "Did you think the world was brown and white? Lo! it is blue and rose and silver—nothing else!" And we look, and it is so. On that other evening, in the fog, the world had been all gray—black-gray and pale gray and silver gray. On this evening winter said: "Gray? Not at all. You shall have brown and gold. Behold and marvel!"

I marveled. There was a sweep of golden marsh, under a gold sky, and at its borders low lines of trees etched in rich brown masses, and my sentinel cedars standing, singly or by twos and threes—cedars in their winter tones of olive brown, dull almost to harshness, holding themselves stiffly against the great wind, yielding only at their delicate tips when the gusts came, recovering again in the lulls, to point dauntlessly skyward. The narrow boundary ditches, already glassing over in the sudden cold, stretched away in rigid lines, flashing back the light of the sky in shivers of gold. The haystacks reiterated the color notes—gold on their sunset side, deep brown on their shadowed one.

There is a moment sometimes, just at sundown, when the quality of light changes. It does not fall upon the world from without, it radiates from within. Things seem self-luminous. Yet, for all their brightness, we see them less clearly, one's vision is dazzled, enmeshed. It is the time when that wondrous old word "faerie" finds its meaning. It is a magic moment. It laid its spell upon us.

Jonathan emerged first, bracing himself. "It will shut down soon. We haven't a minute to spare. We ought to be on the creek now."

It was hard to believe that such brightness could ever shut down. But it did. By the time we reached the creek the gold had vanished, except for a narrow line in the western sky. The world lay in clear, brown twilight, and the wind swept over it.

Jonathan got more hay, and this time I saw the haystack from which he plucked it. I threw myself on it, collar up, cap down, lying as low as possible.

"Bad night for ducks, of course," growled Jonathan. "If only the thaw had held twelve hours more! However—" He swung off to some chosen spot of his own.

I lay there and the wind surged over me. There was nothing to stop it, nothing to make it noisy. It sang a little around the flap of my coat, it swished a little in the short marsh grass, but chiefly it rushed by above me, in invisible, soundless might. It seemed as if it must come between me and the stars, but it did not, and I watched them come out, at first one by one, then in companies and cohorts, until the sky was powdered with them. Now and then a dark line of ducks streamed over me, high up, in direct, steady flight, but the sound of their wings was swallowed up by the wind. I did not even try to shoot; I was trying to find myself in an elemental world that seemed bigger and more powerful than I had ever conceived it.

Gradually I realized that I was cold. The wind seemed suddenly to have become aware of me. It roared down upon me, it shook me, worried me, let me go, and pounced upon me again in the sport of power. I said to myself, "I cannot resist, I will give myself up to it absolutely." I stopped feeling cold. I was

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no more than a ship's timber lying on the shore—with just a center, a point of consciousness somewhere inside, to be aware of the difference between the elements and the something I knew was myself.

But at last I moved. It was fatal. A wave of cold started, pricking somewhere in my head, and undulated sinuously through me, down to my feet. More waves followed; they careered through me. I considered them with interest. Then they settled into aches at all the extremities. All at once it ceased to be interesting, and became a personal grievance—against the wind? the ducks? No—Jonathan! Of course it was Jonathan's fault. Why didn't he come? I gazed into the twilight where he had disappeared. I couldn't go and hunt for him, because I should certainly get lost or fall into a ditch. Ah! What was that? The long, red flash of a gun!—another!—then the double report! Well, of course, if he were shooting, I would suspend judgment a reasonable time.

But it seemed quite an unreasonable time before I felt the impact of his tread on the springy marsh floor. I rose stiffly, feeling cross.

"Did you think I was never coming?"

"I can't think. My brains are stiff."

"I was delayed. I dropped one in the ditch. He was only wounded. I couldn't leave him."

"Then you got some?"

"Feel!"

I felt his game pockets. "One, two—oh, three! I didn't hear you shoot except twice. Well"—I was stamping and flinging my arms around myself in the endeavor to thaw out—"I think they're very well off: they're bound for a warm oven."

"Cold? Thunder! I ought to have left you the bottle. Here!"

I took it and gulped, protesting: "Detestable stuff! Wait, I'll take some more."

"This from you! You *must* be cold! Come on! Run! Look out for the little ditches! Jump where I do."

We started stiffly enough, in the teeth of the big, dark wind, till the motion, and the bottle, began to take effect. A haymow loomed. We flung ourselves, panting, against it, and, sinking back into its yielding bulk, drew long breaths.

"Did we think it was cold?" I murmured; "or windy?"

We were on the leeward side of it, and it gave generous shelter. The wind sighed gently over the top of the mow, breathed past its sides, never touching us, and we gazed up at the stars.

"The sky is fairly gray with them," I said.

"Perhaps," said Jonathan, lazily, "it's that bottle, making you see ten stars grow where one grew before."

"Perhaps," I suggested, choosing to ignore this speech, "it's the wind, blowing the stars around and raising star-dust."

We lay in our protecting mow, and the warmth of our bodies drew out of it faint odors of salt hay. We did not talk. There are times when one seems to exist in poise, with eternity on all sides. One's thoughts do not move, they float.

"Well?" said Jonathan at last. I could hear the hay rustle as he straightened up.

"Don't interrupt," I answered. But my spirit had come down to earth, and after the first jolt I realized that, as usual, Jonathan was right.

We plunged out again into the buffeting wind and the starlit darkness, and I followed blindly as Jonathan led across the marshes, around pools, over ditches, until we began to see the friendly twinkle of house lights on the edge of the village. On through the lanes to the highroad, stumbling now and then on its stiffened ruts and ridges. As houses thickened the gale grew noisy, singing in telephone wires, whistling around barn corners, slamming blinds and doors, and rushing in the tree-tops.

"Oh for that haymow!" I gasped.

"The open fire will be better." Jonathan flung back comfort across the wind.

Ten minutes later we had made harbor in the little house by the shore. The candles were lighted, the fire set ablaze, and as we sat before it cooking chops and toast I said, "No, Jonathan, the open fire isn't any better than the haymow."

"But different?" he suggested.

"Yes, quite different."

"And good in its own poor way." He turned his chop. Chops and toast and a

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blazing fire give forth odors of distracting pleasantness under such circumstances.

"I think," I said, "that each gives point to the other."

"Aren't you glad I took you for ducks?" he asked.

I mused, watching my toast. "I suppose," I said, "no one in their senses would leave a comfortable city house to go and lie out in a marsh at night, in a forty-mile gale, with the mercury at ten, unless they had some other motive than the thing itself—ducks, or conspiracy, or something. And yet it is the thing itself that is the real reward."

"Isn't that true of almost everything?" said Jonathan.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE TEMPLE VESSELS?

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL

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THE fascination which everything connected with Jerusalem exercises over the general public is responsible, in a measure, for the startling reports that have recently been cabled to the New York press from London in regard to certain archæological discoveries made in the Judean capital. The plain facts, as far as they are known, are as follows: During the past two years an English expedition has at various times been engaged in making excavations on the hillside just southeast of the large mosque inclosure in Jerusalem. The declared object of the expedition was to find treasures supposed to have been hidden during one of the many sieges to which the city was subjected, or to have been buried with the Kings of Judah. For this purpose, on November 13, 1908, a formal but secret agreement was entered into between Captain Parker, on the one hand, and the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, together with the Finance Minister, Zia Pasha, on the other. Permission was given to Captain Parker to make certain excavations at Jerusalem; but it was stipulated that whatever treasure was found should be divided equally between the Turkish Government and the excavators. The firman, which was to run for one year, has been twice renewed. The members of the expedition have come to Jaffa in a private yacht, have been abundantly supplied with money, and have worked under the protection of the Turkish authorities. A house has been built for the party near the excavations, and Turkish soldiers have been detailed to keep the peace and to ward off the curious. The leaders of the expedition are known to be Captain the Hon. Montague Brownlow Parker and Captain R. Duff, a relative of the Duke of Fife.

This is all that is known of a certainty. Naturally, the reports spread in Jerusalem by interested and disinterested people (and from these to the world at large) are absolutely worthless. The native Arab imagines that every topographic or archæological investigation must be prompted by the desire for hidden treasure. Hence the story that precious gold and silver objects—Solomon's crown, sword, and ring, according to one account—had been found in the graves of the kings. Gullible European Bible enthusiasts have jumped to the conclusion that venerable religious relics dating from Bible times must have rewarded the search of the explorers; and the world has been startled by the rumor that the "ark of the covenant, the censer, and the other sacred vessels which belonged to the tribes of Israel" have been spirited away by the English diggers.

The responsibility for these exaggerated reports rests also upon the expedi-

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tion itself. It has shrouded itself in so much mystery as to invite suspicion. The Swedish Orientalist who is said to have discovered in a Constantinople library the cipher on the basis of which the exact spot to be excavated was located seems to be a spiritual relative of the busy men recently occupied with digging up the bottom of the river Wye in England. He is not a myth, however; he was in Jerusalem in September, 1910. But he is entirely unknown to his fellow-Orientalists; and what he could have found among the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic manuscripts of the mosque libraries in Constantinople bearing on the question is beyond surmise. Nor are Captain Parker and Captain Duff reputed to be archæologists, even in an amateur way. The only scholar known to be in their secret is the learned Père Vincent, of the Dominican School in Jerusalem—and he has said nothing. The actual digging has been done most skillfully and most secretly under the direction of English engineers, who, after sinking a couple of shafts, have driven their tunnels under ground and away from the possible sight of any observer.

But, at best, what could they hope to find? Certainly not the ark of the covenant. What became of it ultimately history does not say. It had vanished at a very early date. It was neither in the Temple as reconstructed by the exiles who returned from the Babylonian captivity, nor was it in the Temple built by Herod. That it was hidden in a cave by the prophet Jeremiah, together with the holy fire and the other appurtenances, is a late apocryphal legend; worthless in the present instance even if based upon a true tradition, as the cave is said to have been upon Mount Pisgah, in Moab!

What has become of the rest of the Temple equipment, made of gold and of precious stones, which were remade after each successive pillage of the Temple? They were evidently in use in the Temple built by Herod. Some, but not all (as Josephus expressly suggests), were carried off to Rome and figured in the splendid triumph accorded to Vespasian and Titus in the year 71. They are still to be seen pictured on the triumphal arch erected in honor of the second of these two great leaders. Their subsequent history is interesting; but it ends in utter darkness. They were taken to Carthage when the Vandal king Genseric sacked Rome in 455 A.D., and sent from there to Constantinople by Belisarius in 534 A.D. But because of a superstitious fear that their presence away from their real home might be a harbinger of evil, the Emperor Justinian had them returned to Jerusalem and placed in the Christian church there. From that time we lose all track of them. But Jerusalem had been again overrun and pillaged by the Romans in 134 A.D., and was laid waste in 614 by the Persians under Chosroes II. There can be little hope, then, that any of the Temple treasures have escaped the general doom that overtook the city—either such as may have been left by the Romans in 70 or those that had been returned from Constantinople.

The southeastern hill upon which the expedition has been working is, however, of much greater import in a cardinal question that has been eagerly, and sometimes all too fervently, discussed by scholars. Where was the "City of David" situated? Was Zion upon the eastern or upon the western of the two ridges that project from the present Jerusalem and fall quite precipitously into the valley below? From the time of Josephus this "City of David" has been placed upon the southwestern of the two ridges. The theory has been consecrated by tradition, and has been sanctified by both Christian and Mohammedan pious usage. But from the middle of the nineteenth century onward doubts have been cast upon this hallowed tradition; and the weight of scholarly opinion, borne out by archæological investigations, tends to place the "City of David" upon the southeastern ridge. The dispute can be laid only by further excavations in the débris which has accumulated for centuries. Some work has already been done here by Sir Charles Warren, Professor Guthe, and by Dr. Frederick Bliss; but no scientific exploration of the whole ridge has been made—probably because of the antipathy of the Mohammedan population to any excavations in the neighborhood of the mosque area.

The necessity for such investigations is

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apparent from another consideration, brought forward in 1887 by the noted French archæologist Clermont-Ganneau. The only real spring in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem is the so-called "Fountain of Our Lady Mary," about three hundred and fifty-three yards south of the southern corner of the mosque area, and on the southwestern side of the Kidron Valley. At the time of Hezekiah a tunnel was built through the rock to convey the water from this fountain to the Pool of Siloam—still farther south, but at that time within the walls. Before approaching the Pool the tunnel makes a wide bend to the east, seemingly for no other purpose than to avoid some spot. Clermont-Ganneau supposes that this spot was the place where the Kings of Judah, David, Solomon, and a number of their descendants, were buried. As we know from the Biblical records that these princes were interred in the "City of David," the finding of these tombs would set at rest the vexed question as to the actual position of that city.

For many years the French scholar preached his theory to deaf ears; but at about the same time that the English expedition started out he was able to persuade Baron Edmonde de Rothschild that, if the tombs of Judean kings were really to be found on Ophel (the Biblical name of the ridge), it would be a matter of reasonable pride that they be in the possession of a descendant of the tribe of Judah. Baron de Rothschild went quietly to work in the winter of 1910–11 and had purchased for him most of the ground upon both sides of the Siloam tunnel. He was prevented from completing his purchase by the shafts sunk by Captain Parker, and at one time it was feared that international complications might ensue.

It is therefore quite possible that the Parker Expedition has made some interesting "finds" in the way of walls, subterranean chambers, pottery, and coins. It is also possible that the underground tunnels of the expedition have been pushed into the vicinity of the old Temple area. But, considering the state of Mohammedan public opinion in Jerusalem, it would hardly seem probable that either sheik or doorkeeper would dare to brave that opinion and afford opportunity for the excavators to examine the many underground passages with which the mosque area is honeycombed. There are worshipers in the mosques day and night; there are loungers continually in the mosque gardens.

In 1874 some repairs were being made in the floor of the mosque called the Dome of the Rock, and the stone covering a subterranean passage in the little cave underneath the Rock was removed. Clermont-Ganneau, who happened to be in Jerusalem at the time, was allowed to have the aperture investigated to a depth of some 0.33m.; but he was not permitted to go farther. Since that time the distaste for any archæological investigations on the spot has increased. It was from this little cave that two American women were fired at by a fanatical Afghan in the spring of 1910.

The report sent to Constantinople, however, by Musa Shafik al-Khalidi, one of the leading Mohammedan citizens of Jerusalem, seems to show that *bakshish* still holds sway there, and that the exit from the cave under the Rock has been examined by some one with the assistance of persons connected with the mosque area and with the probable connivance of the civil authorities. Halil al-Danaf, the head guardian, and two gendarmes are in prison; and a special commission, composed of Azmi Bey, Vali of Tripoli in Syria, Hashim Pasha, military commander of Haifa, and Meri Pasha, of the Wakf administration in Aleppo, has been sent to Jerusalem to make a complete investigation. We must therefore "oppose our patience to the fury" of the press men, and await the findings of the commission, which will be laid at once before Parliament in Constantinople.

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THE NEW BOOKS

There is a rare quality in a new book by E. M. Forster called "A Room with a View." The title foreshadows the phase of life chosen to be treated. A love story, moving slowly, and finally emerging entirely from its conventional, thoroughly English environment, its subtle suggestion rivets one's attention from the first. Miss Bartlett, the tiresome, ostentatiously self-effacing spinster cousin of the unawakened Lucy, is a character that any author might be proud to portray. Lucy, in her pleasant, commonplace home, unconsciously finding in her real talent for music an outlet for a nature slow to mature; Cecil, her perfectly proper, rather priggish fiancé; and the setting of the family at Windy Corner—all this makes a picture so true to life, so natural in flashes of humor or temper, that one stops to realize the flavor as one reads. Into this atmosphere comes a different element in the Emersons, father and son, who begin their intrusion by offering "A Room with a View," for which they care nothing, to the trying Miss Bartlett and her charge, young Lucy, in Florence. The view grows upon Lucy, and she blossoms out through the avenues of music and love to full flowering. Apart from the underlying philosophy of the work, there is an irresistible attraction in the witty bits of descriptive writing, bringing before our very eyes the amusing foibles and unconscious bigotries of this group of real upper-middle class English folk. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35.)

If Susan Glaspell had chosen a less awkward title than "The Visioning" for her really admirable exposition of the truth "Where there is no vision the people perish," the reader would not be obliged to overcome a slight prejudice at the beginning. Miss Katie Jones is a charming army girl—socially, ancestrally, and immediately of the army—a position in life that develops a certain sort of recognizable character, and imposes generally certain limits upon development. Ann Forest enters upon the stage in dramatic fashion, obliging Katie to embark upon a sea of falsehood which seems to trouble her conscience not at all. The doctrine of the end justifying the means is prominent throughout the story. The question of the essential in life is the puzzle presented to Katie, and she deals with it in vigorous fashion. Ann has got caught in the inexorable tangle that is spread for the feet of those who rebel and take their own way. In many respects she is well drawn, and is a sympathetic character; but no one can find the picture of her home life and of her father in the least convincing. The type is a common one in fiction, and may be found in life, possibly, but it is not needed to account for Ann's rebellion. Another unconventional person in the plot is "the man who mends boats" and incidentally preaches Socialism. The uncle-Bishop, the young army officer, and the older major, with Wayne, Katie's divorced but beloved brother, are all alive. Whether just the processes of training prepared by the author for Katie, Ann, and the rest would produce the desired results remains an open question even in the mind of the interested and appreciative reader. Both "The Visioning" and "A Room with a View" turn upon important points of character and environment, and while each author shows sincerity and cleverness, one must read with an open mind and decide for one's self. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.35.)

"Miss Gibbie Gault" is Mary Cary's fairy godmother, and Kate Langley Bosher introduces us to a delightful Southern group in her new character sketch. The story is subordinate to the portrayal of personalities. Miss Gibbie, odd, rather awe-inspiring, and of much weight in the small town she dominates, is a refreshing creation. Mary Cary is almost too good to be true, yet she is true, with her loving influence over every one, and her unconsciousness of her own development into a lover. The quaint sayings and acute comments on events in every chapter give a spicy flavor to the story that puts it into the first rank of village character portraiture. The book opens and closes with a chorus of matrons and maids at the meeting of the Needlework Guild. There Miss Gibbie Gault is discussed until she appears with bag and turkey-wing fan to put her critics to inglorious flight; incidentally rescuing Mary Cary also. She brings a breeze of caustic wit into the room, and touches off with telling epigrams her neighbors and their affairs. Mrs. McDougal, of shrewd mind, kind heart, and unbridled tongue, is another live person, who acts as a solvent to unite the separate particles of the old Southern town. An amusing, sweet-spirited, human book. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.20.)

M. Jules Claretie has used the now familiar situation of double personality in his tale "Which is My Husband?" translated by Mary J. Safford. An artist, aware of his affliction, which descends upon him without warning, taking the advice of his physician, runs the risk of marriage. The very day of his wedding he is possessed by his sinister "Other," to the horror of his bride. She, however, recognizes the necessity of patience and control, and, through her alert sympathy, coupled with the advice of a strange specialist in such possessions, aids in the recovery of her husband. It is a case of dual personality overcome by the power of suggestion. The story is cleverly managed. The illustrations are astonishing. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

A group of short stories under the title "Pay Envelopes" brings the reader into a

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vivid realization of the conditions in which the workingman and workingwoman live here in America. All up and down the scale, from the shop-girl in Macy's to the "Hunkey" miner in Pennsylvania, we see the individual made or marred by his surroundings and ideals. There is rude power in the tales, an acceptance of things as they are, lightened by occasional visions of what they may be. The author, James Oppenheim, is known as an interpreter of lives obscure and vulgar, yet holding within them the germ of nobility. (B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.25.)

The romance of the motor car has taken its place in modern fiction. "The Girl in the Other Seat," by H. K. Webster, was a clear-headed, warm-hearted heiress who gave herself and her fortune to an inventor of a new motor force, though his social position was that of a racing chauffeur. Complications arose among tricky lawyers and unscrupulous business men, which nearly wrecked the chauffeur. He was rescued, to benefit the motoring world by his invention and to live happy ever after with the "Girl in the Other Seat." There is much motor talk in the tale. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Founded upon a story in Herodotus, the tragedy of "The Coward of Thermopylæ" is admirably written by Caroline Dale Snedeker. The author's wealth of knowledge does not impede her genius for story-telling. We see the fair land of Greece and follow the development of Aristodemos from the time his widowed mother took him to her Spartan birthplace, and his Athenian spirit hardly recognized the source of its disquiet. It is a fine, dignified, and most interesting tale, valuable for its historical detail. The long struggle between Spartan training and Athenian ideals of the worth of life and attainment ended in seeming disaster and disgrace when Aristodemos, entangled in the net of circumstance, was shunned by every one as the only survivor of Thermopylæ. His lonely wanderings, soothed only by the love of his adopted son, and shadowed by the child's death, come to a fitting end in his noble death, fighting for his loved Greece at the Battle of Platæa, unhonored by his countrymen, but comforted in his own spirit by his patriotism. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.20.)

In October, 1849, Poe was working in the office of the Richmond "Examiner." His death came only a few weeks later. It is an interesting fact that at this time he had all his major and several of his minor poems put into type, and that he revised them more or less radically. He made many changes of punctuation; in two instances he added a number of lines; two poems were practically rewritten. These revised proofs passed into the possession of a member of the editorial staff of the Richmond "Examiner," and, in turn, to his successor, Mr. J. H. Whitty, who now publishes them in a single volume. Mr. Whitty has done much more than simply conserve the revised poems put in his hand. He has been a lifelong student of Poe and a patient and enthusiastic investigator of all the problems connected with the career of a poet who was sometimes standing in a blaze of light and at other times in confusing obscurity. The single-volume edition of Poe's "Complete Poems" has, therefore, especial claims on the attention of the student: it contains a new memoir written by Mr. Whitty, who is able to make a number of interesting corrections in regard to previous accounts of episodes in Poe's career; it also contains half a dozen hitherto uncollected poems, not of great importance, but interesting. The volume is well made, and will be welcomed by students and lovers of the author of "Eureka." (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.)

"The Very Little Person," introduced to us by Mary Heaton Vorse, is certainly not a creature of the imagination, but an actual every-day baby. She will appeal to most parents who have struggled between reverence for *their* parents and desire to obey the scientific books on child nurture. There are humor, pathos, and much common sense in this story of the first baby, her conscientious father and mother, and her understanding grandmother who insisted on corrupting her with baby talk and kisses. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.)

The series of books about "What Every Child Should Know" is admirably continued in a volume on "Operas," by Dolores Bacon. This is, of necessity, a limited selection from a mass of desirable material, but it is fairly representative, and is well edited. More than a dozen familiar titles appear, and the stories are told with the addition of some biographical details and bits of the musical score. Nothing better for the purpose than this set of books can be found, and there is no doubt that children respond quickly to these interpretations of literature and art. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 90 cents.)

Mr. George B. Grinnell's "Trails of the Pathfinders" deals with the work of the trans-Mississippi explorers and the explorers of the Canadian Northland, and it deals with them largely in the explorers' own words. That is to say, it is not so much an original study as a compilation from the journals of such famous pioneers as Lewis and Clark, the two Alexander Henrys, Carver, Mackenzie, Pike, Cox, and Fremont. The result is a book which, if somewhat tedious because of its author's unwise inclusion of minor details of travel, has at least the merit of calling attention to certain historical records which should be studied by all desirous of knowing just how the way was cleared for the westward progress of the American people in their march from sea to sea. Not all close students of American history, however, will agree with certain of Mr. Grinnell's ex-

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pressions of personal opinion regarding the achievements of the men of whom he writes. Thus, there will be wide dissent from his assertion that "it would be perhaps difficult to point out, since Revolutionary times, a more heroic figure than that of Pike." And, on the other hand, he scarcely does justice to the work of Fremont, who, even if "he did not discover the Rocky Mountains, nor did he discover gold in California, as often supposed," certainly did play a notable rôle in the winning of California for the United States and the opening of the Pacific Slope to American settlement. On the whole, although the book would have been greatly improved by the exercise of more thought in the matter both of making selections from the explorers' records and of evaluating their specific achievements, it should nevertheless serve a useful purpose. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

"Religion and Immortality" has the characteristics of all that we have ever read from the pen of G. Lowes Dickinson. He asks more questions than he answers, and states more problems than he solves. He has interesting opinions, but no settled convictions. If he were writing on astronomy, we should be quite sure that he would regard the Copernican theory of the universe as only the best probable solution of the movements of the heavenly bodies, but a hypothesis by no means free from many difficulties. His writing impresses us much as Schumann's "Warum?" does by its spirit of questioning. It is lucid doubt seriously seeking, but never finding, assurance. But he is always suggestive; nor can we recall any volume of even considerably larger size than this little volume which will so well give to the modern preacher a photographic picture of one phase of the many-phased *Zeitgeist* of the age. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75 cents.)

"The Early Christians in Rome," by Dr. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, Dean of Gloucester and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy, gives an estimate of their treatment by the emperors widely different from that to which Gibbon has given currency. Instead of a few short periods of rigorous persecution, with long intervening periods of toleration, it regards the sword drawn against them by Nero as never sheathed till the time of Constantine. During these two and a half centuries somewhere, if not everywhere, in the Empire the wolves were at the sheep. Copious quotations from Christian writers are cited in evidence of this, and particularly the testimony of the Catacombs, the ancient underground cemeteries of Rome, where multitudes of martyrs were buried. To the discoveries made in these over a hundred pages with illustrations are given. The outer and inner life of the Church in its hostile environment is exhibited in full—its assemblies, its teaching and practice, its fraternalism of rich and poor, high-born and low-born, its rigorist and lenient modes of meeting the practical problems of the Christians' situation, and their schools of training for martyrdom. The truth that chiefly knit them into brotherhood in Christ can hardly have been, as the Dean thinks, the Atonement. They were mostly not Hebrews but Gentiles, to whom the great and new truth was the resurrection to eternal life. This interesting and instructive work concludes with a section on "The Jew and the Talmud," added—it is hard to see why—as of evidential value for the religion of Jesus. In matters of Church tradition the author cleaves ever to the sunnier side of doubt. (The John Lane Company, New York. $4.)

A laborious and also a valuable work for Latinists is the "Index Verborum Vergilianus," by Professor Monroe Nichols Wetmore, of Williams College—a complete word-index to the acknowledged works of Vergil. Would one turn to some noted passage, as the story of the touching interview of Æneas and Andromache, or find some oft-quoted phrase, this Index locates the guiding word, and gives it in whatever paradigm form it is used by the text in the reader's hand. The work has been done with thoroughness and precision. The comfortably large and open print in which it is presented will be appreciated by all its consultants. (Yale University Press, New Haven.)

"Turkey of the Ottomans," by Lucy M. Garnett, gives a well-digested and sufficiently ample account of Turkey as it has been since the Ottomans became its masters five centuries ago, and as it is to-day under its reformed government. Its many different races, their city life, rural life, home life, their government and religions, education and culture, festivals and recreations, are all described by the author, some time resident there. Were she an American, her chapter on Christianity in Turkey could hardly have ignored, as it does, the work and the results of the American missions, whose schools and colleges have been influential in bringing in the new day dawning there. Robert College is barely mentioned, with no apparent knowledge that there were trained the leaders of the new Bulgaria. She does, however, credit to American missionaries the formation of the Armenian Evangelical Church in Asia Minor, with some sixty thousand adherents. The volume is well illustrated. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

"Venice in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries" is a title to attract students of Italian history. For those were the centuries of state-making—from the conquest of Constantinople by the Venetians in 1204 to the accession of Michele Steno in 1400. Concerning the earlier history of Venice Mr. F. C. Hodgson has already instructed us. He now carries on that history through perhaps its most interesting period. While the narration may not err on the side of over-picturesqueness, it certainly discloses an attractive poise and proper perspective. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

ONE REMEDY FOR CONGESTION OF POPULATION

That was an apt analogy which began an editorial article in The Outlook on "The Overcrowded City," likening the congestion of population to the inflammation of a single organ of the body. It is singular, however, that the analogy did not occur to you between the remedies which a physician would apply and those which alone can relieve the centers of population. Who would think of attempting to cure a headache by cutting the hair, limiting the length of the nose, or removing to the other side of the head any of the features now congested upon the face? The physician does not even feel warranted in attempting to close an artery here or open a vein there to control the patient's circulation, as the superintendent of an irrigation system distributes the life-giving waters to desert farms. When the physician finds a man's head is too hot, he thinks first of warming the feet.

The real reason for the congestion of population in New York is the fallacy, stated in the comment on page 619 of The Outlook for March 25, which is doubtless as popular in New York as among certain railway directors, that it is "of National importance that the port of New York should be able to maintain its present commercial supremacy."

Of course all Americans have some sentimental pride in the greatness of the metropolis; yet they would not, to satisfy such pride, thrust so great a population upon any city as to cause inconvenience from mere numbers. It is safe to say that none would voluntarily make a pecuniary sacrifice to make or keep New York the most populous city. Truth to tell, the people of America are no more interested in the commercial welfare of New York than in that of Baltimore, Boston, or Montauk. Not from choice do they send the grain which is tributary to Galveston for export from New York. The silks from France would rustle quite as pleasantly in St. Louis if they had been unloaded at Philadelphia or New Orleans.

The commercial supremacy of New York is due to no popular election, nor even to its magnificent harbor; it is due to arbitrary and artificial trade regulation. Railway rebates closed the sugar refineries of Philadelphia and took them, with the population dependent upon them, to New York. A combination of railways and steamship lines, now being aired before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, forces through New York an enormous traffic which constantly seeks outlet or inlet through other ports. Differentials, preferentials, accessorial charges, and doubtless some dozens of undiscovered devices, operate to draw factories and commercial houses there which by natural economic law should be distributed all over the United States.

An examination of those classes of factories which employ the largest number of people in Greater New York discloses no reason why they should be located there. Clothing, millinery, machines, conveyances, foods, liquors, tobaccos, leather and rubber goods, wood manufactures, textiles, chemicals, oils, paints, stone, clay, and glass products—all obtain their raw materials, and all find their markets, at points far distant. Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico grow the wool, and have cheap coal, cheap water powers, and a considerable number of wearers of woolen garments. Why should the sacks of wool be sent to New York or New England to be made into cloth and into garments, then to be returned to the Western consumers? The factories and many of the tailors belong in the West. It is the desire of traffic managers for a large volume of traffic in both directions over long hauls, and the unbridled arrogance of railway directors coveting ownership of the goods they haul, which dictate the rates and regulations on which some communities grow despairingly great and others are kept unattractively small. Fix upon all the railways of the country a uniform classification and a flat rate per ton per mile, to which may be added another flat charge to cover clerical labor and the cost of handling at points of origin and destination; enforce charges and regulations with impartial rigor between places as well as between individuals—and the problems of congested populations will gradually solve themselves. Importers' houses will distribute themselves among other ports, and manufacturers to other cities. Population will follow the factories and warehouses. Tenements and sky-scrapers will follow the population. Without a change in the system which forces traffic through the one city and draws all factories there, arbitrary regulation of the location and height of the buildings in which the traffic is handled is likely only to add to the inconvenience of all concerned.

Sufficient reasons remain for a drastic regulation of housing conditions. The city and adjoining landowner ought to be able to protect their rights against buildings of unreasonable height. Certainly the monopolization of the land should be rigidly controlled or suppressed. Even in Kansas and Wyoming it is important that adequate remedies be found for the evils here suggested. The problems are not alien to any part of the country. But those evils which arise because New York has factories that belong in the South or West, importers' houses that belong in other ports, and an unwieldy population which ought to be widely dispersed, are not likely to be remedied by any action taken in New York. It will remain for the people of the United States to perceive the fact that the dangerous congestion of population in certain cities is due to odious discrimina-

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tions on the highways of commerce, and to apply the remedy in such fashion as will thoroughly disabuse the metropolis of the idea that the people are further interested in its commercial supremacy.

Denver, Colo. J. F. LAWSON.

SUMMER RESORTS AND THE CHURCHES

In behalf of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine, allow me to call the attention of your readers to the important service which summer visitors can render to the communities in which they spend their vacations. To the local churches along our coast and on our lakes the summer is a trying time at best. There is much more work to be done; other standards of living are brought in; and if with this extra work and new standards of living there are also brought other religious services, the total result is to weaken rather than strengthen the religious life and work of these communities. Accordingly, the Interdenominational Commission earnestly requests our summer visitors, wherever possible, to cooperate with the churches already established, instead of maintaining services of their own. If the summer visitors will communicate with Professor A. W. Anthony, Lewiston, Maine, Secretary of the Commission, or with the pastors of the local churches, every possible effort will be made to secure friends of the summer visitors or other acceptable ministers to occupy these pulpits for a considerable portion of the time; and, so far as possible, modifications of the church service will be made in accordance with the preference of the summer visitors. In this way, by co-operation with the local churches, our summer visitors can render a substantial service to the communities which they visit. The Interdenominational Commission believes that the sense of spiritual unity which will thus be developed between permanent residents and transient visitors will more than compensate for any sacrifice of preference on the part of the visitors.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE,
President Bowdoin College.

Brunswick, Maine.

FRESH AIR!

Some two years ago I wrote you an article on the necessity for better ventilation in public halls in America. I have since that lectured in a great many. I quite realize the difficulty in ventilating a building in which a large audience is to be accommodated, but surely it cannot be impossible. The sufferings I have endured as a public speaker make me feel that this question is of far more vital importance than the attention turned to it would suggest. When one thinks of the thousands and millions of Americans (already highly enough strung by the artificial environment of life) who stay for hours every week in the abominable, overheated, germ-laden auditoriums, one feels one cannot enter too frequent or too lively a protest. Multiply the hours by the number of people, and the influence on the Nation would tally up thousands of years of this danger, almost every day, a source of great menace to public health in the aggregate. There is absolutely no gainsaying the effect. It is just as certain as that by putting one's finger in boiling water it will be burned. Fainting from lack of oxygen in the meetings themselves is by no means uncommon.

One other thing. However much Americans talk of sleeping with their windows open, they are yet very far from doing it. By actual count, in nine houses out of ten, including hotels, in which I have stayed, the amount of bedclothing provided is never sufficient in the winter months to permit one to open the window, unless one has remembered to make special request overnight for an additional blanket. The reliance seems always to be placed on heating apparatus, while every one knows that the stimulus of cold, fresh air during the hours of sleep is unequaled as a tonic by any artificial assistance whatever. It makes one almost wish for a law that would insist on so much clothing on every bed, fixed on and irremovable, as to force the most careless or most obstinate to get up and open the window to get cool; and to offer prizes at all the schools on the base of a blood analysis or rosy cheeks.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

FOUNDATION WORK

Mrs. Hillis's article on "Home Life for Working-Girls" states the simple truth and states it clearly. There is no benevolent work in cities more important than this, for it is foundation work. In our East Side Settlement, for example, we do for three hundred girls in a year what Mrs. Hillis justly says ought to be done. We meet the wants of their social nature. We provide, as far as any institution can, home care, companionship, innocent enjoyment, motherly counsel. To do this costs about twenty dollars a year for each girl. Why are our citizens so slow to help in this preventive work? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. What will you give?

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

East Side House, foot of East Seventy-sixth Street, New York City.

ANOTHER BOOK ON SOCIALISM

I was very sorry to miss in the book list of Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott's excellent article on Socialism one most valuable publication. Permit me to add it. It is by Dr. Victor Cathrein, is called "Socialism," and is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Dr. Cathrein is not in agreement with Marxism, but in the German Marxist organ "Die Neue Zeit," Karl Kautsky praises his impartiality and well-informedness. I. I. BRANTS.

De Steeg, Holland.

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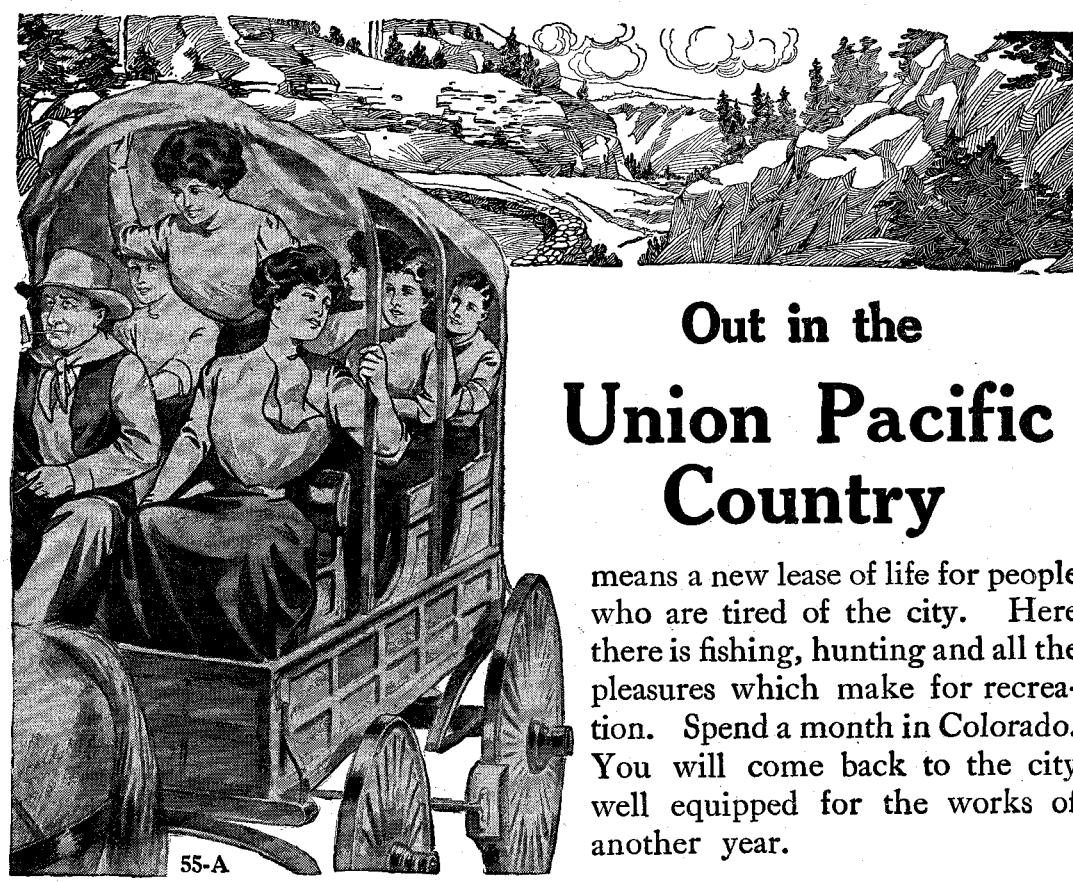

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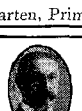
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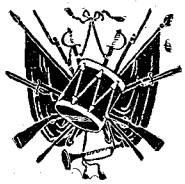

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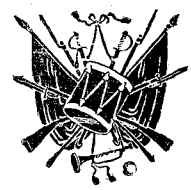

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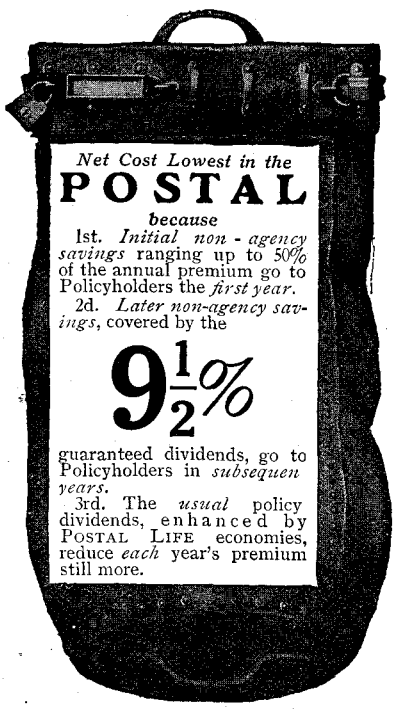
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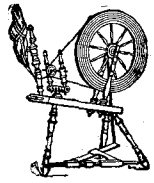

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